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An Amateur Operetta.

PAULINE

OR

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

IN TWO PARTS.

Music and Libretto by

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

Author of

"The Merry Milkmaids,"
"The Merry Cyclers," etc.

THE FILLMORE BROTHERS CO.

528 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O. 41-43 Bible House, New York.

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ARGUMENT.

Opening Scene.—A picnic party arrived at the grounds of the Dalles, a country inn. Pauline, the handsome daughter of Cassady, landlord of the hotel, gives them hearty welcome. Faber, a press correspondent of New York, who is a kind-hearted, innocently-self-important, happy-go-lucky young man, arrives for an outing; he is greeted by his prior-time host, who, by request, presents his guest to the party, to whom he makes himself known, much to their enjoyment. The Professor, an early school preceptor to Faber, arrives to enjoy a short vacation, at the invitation of his erst-while pupil. There being no one to receive him, he falls asleep. Three insurgent spies, disguised as tramps, make themselves at home, until they discover the sleeper, and disappear. Faber, in his original manner, informally greets his early teacher. The meditations of Chilkoot Ike, an eccentric village character, are interrupted by Chickie. Cullie becomes suspicious. Shady has troubles of his own. Ruben appears, much to the delight of Cullie. Kiomi tells fortunes. Pauline is unhappy over the absence of the Village Physician, who is a very busy man.

An insurrection has arisen, and a company of Grenadiers has been ordered out. The stars and stripes are not forgotten. The Village Physician pauses long enough to disclose his calling, aspirations, hopes and regrets. Chickie displays authority over the Professor, which is discovered by Faber, who becomes hilarious; his flattery fails to control Cullie, and the picnic party return for lunch.

The second part opens in the woods, with the girls enjoying a flower carnival. Pauline interprets the language of the red rose. Faber appears and breaks up the party, then proceeds to lay his plans for the siege of the heart of Pauline. Shady, who is very homesick, enters and interrupts the strange soliloquy. The messenger boy escapes death at the hands of Shady, delivers his message, which orders Faber to the scene of riot. This materially alters his *modus operandi* of love-making, and changes his mind. A widowed mother, with her little son, making her way back to the old homestead, tarries that the child may rest; both fall asleep. Uncle Joe, the lady's former servant, in search of her, accidentally arriving at the same place, is overjoyed to find his "Young Misses." Faber, equipped for his trip, comes upon the scene. Uncle Joe finds a grandson, and the widow a benefactor. A reception is given Cassady. Ruben brings word that the insurrection is quelled. The spies, nervously retreating, find nothing of value to carry away, and, disgusted, their old-time habit proves strong, and they march away as in the chain gang. Faber returns with a full account of the riot, gives his blessing, unasked, to all concerned, and love and happiness crowns an eventful day.

REMARKS.

No special costumes are necessary; these may be at the taste of participants. Anything in keeping with the occasion. Cassady, as a backwoods landlord. The Professor, tall, slim and rural in appearance. Chilkoot Ike bedecked with mock medals, emblems, etc. Faber, rather in the fashion. Ruben, as a plow-boy; straw hat. Village Physician—as usual—carrying his cane. Shady, as usual. Uncle Joe, very old, tattered clothing, and cane. Pauline, plain, but chic. Cullie, as usual. Chickie, with corkscrew curls. Naine, village maiden. Kiomi, typical Indian woman. Mother in widow's weeds. Child, a bright boy of five to seven years, neatly clad. Sorrow, Morrow and Borrow, typical tramps; tattered and battered. Sorrow should speak with a lisp; Morrow with a German brogue; Borrow, any jocularity. As far as possible, carry the spirit of mirth and good-fellowship. Sing the music in the *tempo*, as indicated by the *metronome marks*, printed at the beginning of each number.

CHARACTERS.

PAULINE ..... Daughter of Cassady.
CULLIE ..... Servant maid.
CHICKIE ..... A spinster sister of Cassady.
NAINE ..... A village belle.
KIOMI ..... An Indian fortune teller.
MOTHER ..... A widow lady and her
CHILD ..... A boy, five to seven years of age.
FABER ..... A New York journalist.
SHADY ..... Faber's valet, a colored boy.
CASSADY ..... Landlord of the Dalles—an inn.
PROFESSOR ..... A middle-aged school teacher.
~~CHILKOOT IKE~~ ..... An eccentric village character.
RUBEN ..... A farmer boy.
THE VILLAGE PHYSICIAN.
UNCLE JOE ..... Former slave of the widow lady—colored.
SORROW, BORROW, MORROW ..... Three insurrection spies.

Chorus of picnickers. Chorus of grenadiers. Chorus of villagers, etc.

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No. 4. — A Serving Maid am I ..... *Solo.*
No. 5. — Bum Bums ..... *Trio.*
No. 6. — A Charming Morning ..... *Recitative.*
No. 7. — Chilkoot Ike ..... *Solo.*
No. 8. — Could the Flowers Speak ..... *Duet.*
No. 9. — He's a Jonah ..... *Solo.*
No. 10.—Laugh and Sing ..... *Chorus.*
No. 11.—Fortune Telling ..... *Solo and Chorus.*
No. 12.—Shadow Land ..... *Solo.*
No. 13.—The Grenadiers ..... *Soli and Chorus.*
No. 14.—The Stars and Stripes ..... *Soli and Chorus.*
No. 15.—The Village Physician ..... *Solo.*
No. 16.—The Robin's Song ..... *Duet.*
No. 17.—The Aboriginal Swell ..... *Solo.*
No. 18.—The Whole Thing ..... *Solo and Chorus.*
No. 19.—When Life is Young ..... *Chorus.*
No. 20.—Flower Song ..... *Ladies' Chorus.*
No. 21.—The Flower's Secret ..... *Solo and Chorus.*
No. 22.—Pauline ..... *Solo.*
No. 23.—Lullaby ..... *Solo and Invisible Chorus.*
No. 24.—It's All Er Comin' Right, By-m-by ..... *Solo and Chorus.*
No. 25.—Hail! Our Landlord ..... *Solo and Chorus.*
No. 26.—Hip, Hip, Hooray ..... *Solo and Chorus.*
No. 27.—The Discomfitted Bums ..... *Trio.*
No. 28.—Evening Bells ..... *Trio.*
No. 29.—The Light of Love ..... *Sextet.*
No. 30.—Hail to the Queen ..... *Closing Chorus.*

PAULINE,

OR AN EVENTFUL DAY.

No. 1. OVERTURE.

Met. ♩=96.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

f *p* *tr* *tr* *pp* Ad lib. *f*

f *f* *f*

Met. ♩=100.

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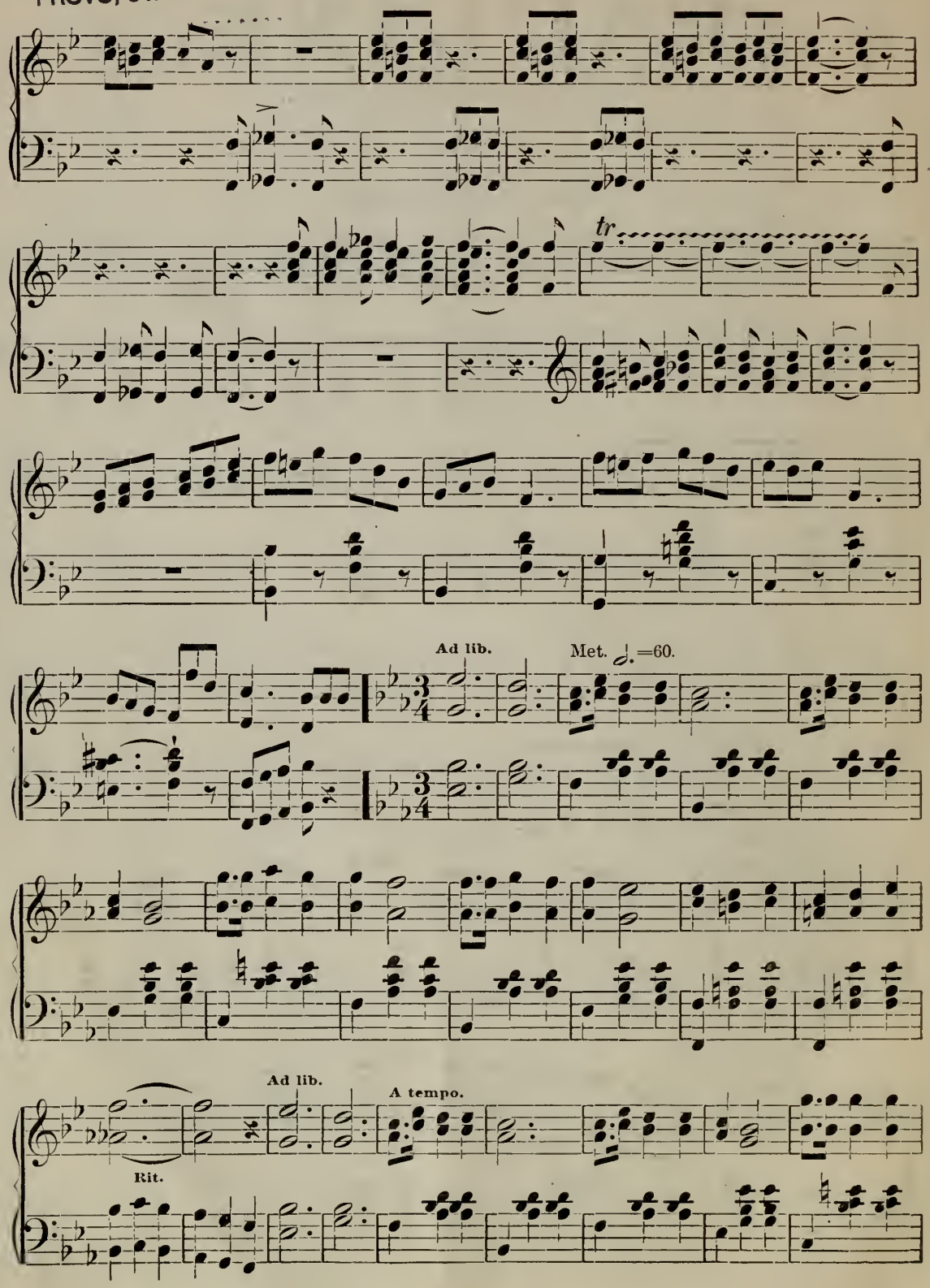
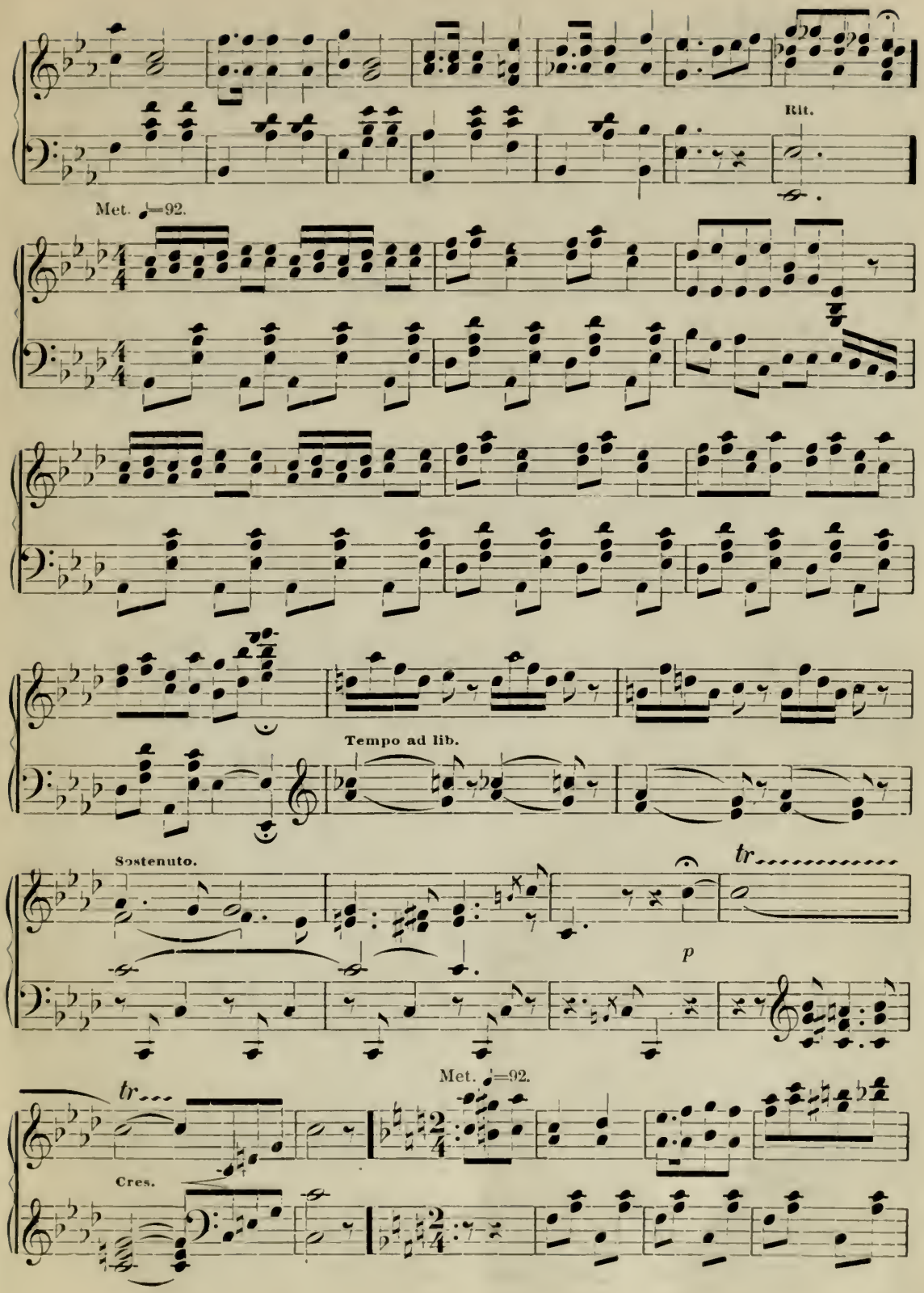
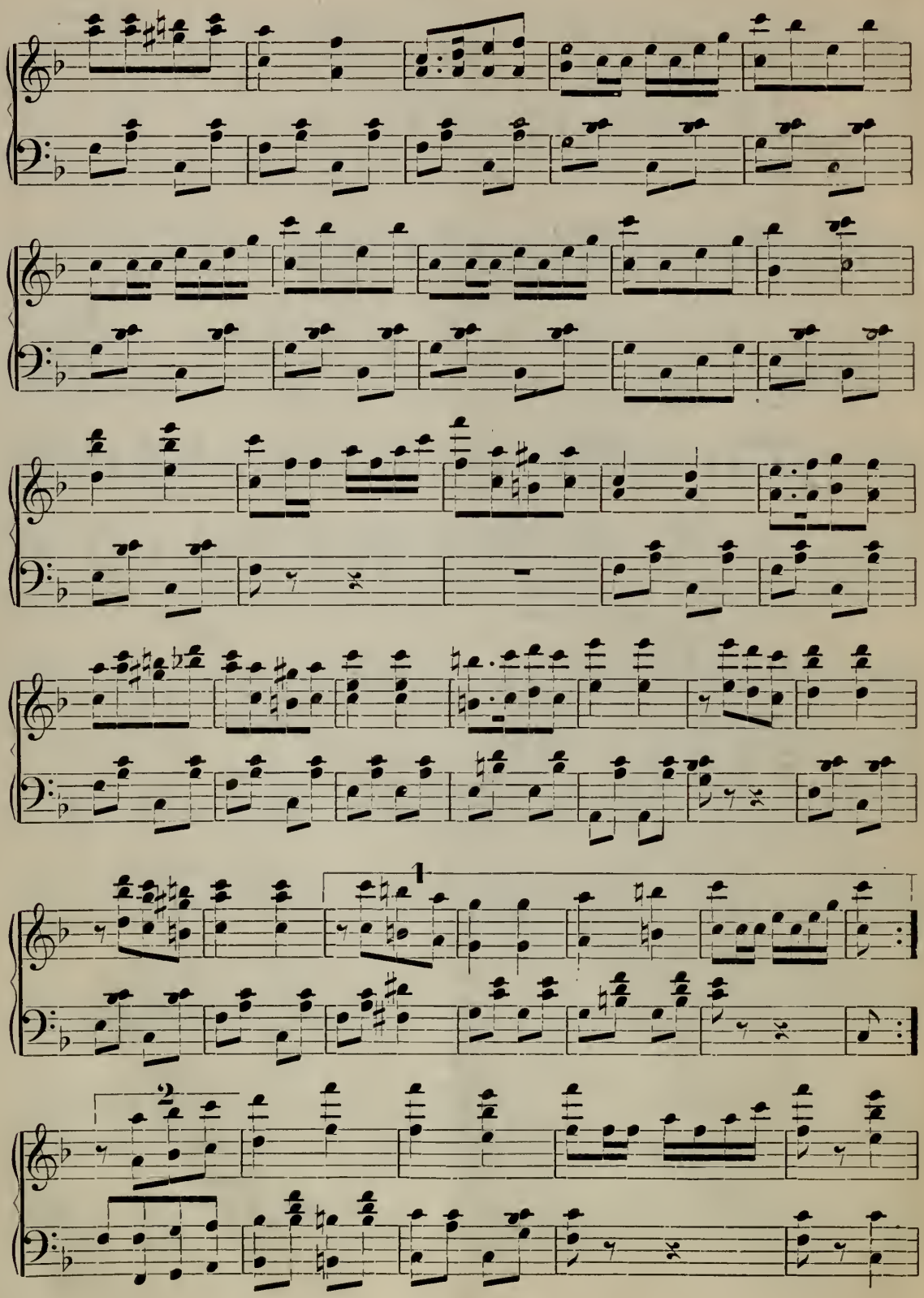



Rit.
Met. ♩=92.
Tempo ad lib.
Sostenuto.
tr
p
Met. ♩=92.
tr
Cres.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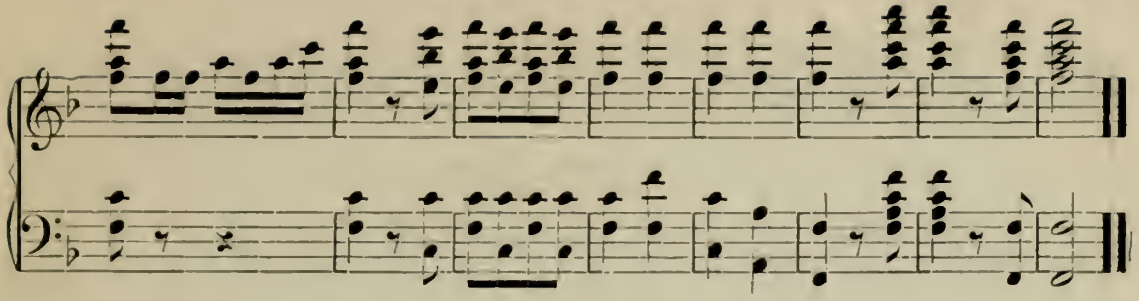

No. 2. HAIL THE MORNING.

OPENING CHORUS.

Met. ♩ = 108.

Hail the morn - ing, hail the bright and sun - ny hour! Hap - py voi - ces ring a greet-ing,

all a-round us ev - 'ry-where, Birds are sing - ing, and from ev - 'ry leaf - y bow'r

Comes the mer - ry, mer - ry rounde - lay we each would share. To the woods a - way we go, a-
To the woods with

way we go, with mer - ry feet, Tramping to the mu - sic that is ring-ing out so clear and sweet,
mer - ry feet, Tramp - ing to the mu - sic sweet,

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Cres.

Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where, ev - 'ry - where! Ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing,
Ho, ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing,

Ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing-ing! Voi - ces so sweetly blending, In love con-
Ho, ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing-ing! Voi - ces now so sweet - ly blend-ing,

tend - ing, are now as - cend - ing! Ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing,
are in love and joy as - cend - ing! Ho, ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing,

Ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing - ing, To the woods a - way we go, a-
Ho, ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing - ing,

Accel e Cres.

way, a-way, a - way so mer - ri - ly, O so mer - ri - ly, O so mer - ri - ly a-

way we go, a - way we go, a - way . . . . . .
a - way, . . a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a-

. . . . a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way. . . . . .
way, ...
(*Enter Pauline.*)

Met. ♩. = 92. PAULINE.

Pleasure a-lone shall be queen of the hour, Fly a-way, sor-row and care; . . .

Free-dom of wood-land and sun - ni - est bow'r, Wel-come the brave and th

fair; . . . Is - n't it love - ly! Per - fect - ly love - ly!

CHORUS. En - tranc - ing, en-

Beau-ti - ful! Is - n't it? Welcome the brave and the

tranc - ing, Beau-ti - ful! yes, it is!

fair; I bid you wel - come here. . . . .

Our com - pli-ments to you, Our

Rit.

. . . . . A wel - come here.

ff A tempo.

com - pli-ments, our com - pli-ments to you. . . . . .

FULL CHORUS.

Pleas-ure a-lone shall be queen of the hour, Fly a - way, sor-row and eare; . . . . a - way;

Free-dom of wood-land and sun - ni - est bow'r, Kind - ly to us is ex - tend - ed.

Rit.

Met. ♩ = 108

To the woods a - way we go, a - way we go with mer - ry feet,
To the woods with mer - ry feet,

Tramp - ing to the mu - sic that is ring - ing out so clear and sweet, Ev - 'ry-where,
Tramp - ing to the mu - sic sweet,

ev - 'ry-where, ev - 'ry - where, Ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing;
Ho, ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing;

Ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing-ing! Voi - ces so sweetly blending, In love con-
Ho, ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing-ing! Voi - ces now so sweet - ly blend-ing,

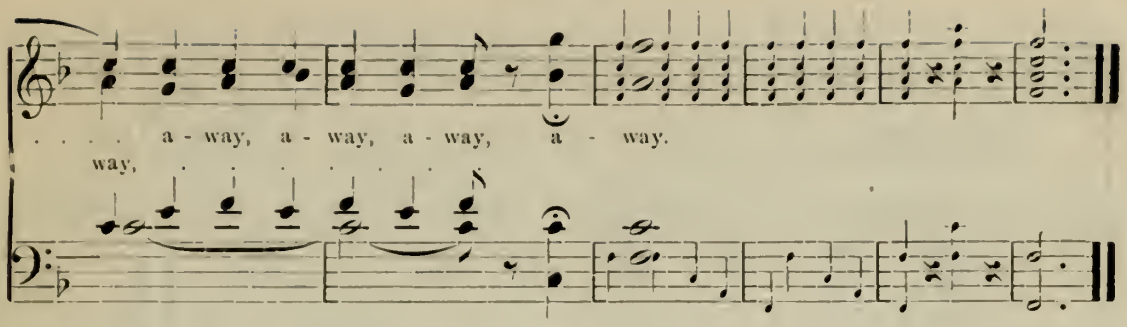
tend - ing, are now as - cend - ing! Ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing,
are in love and joy as - cend - ing! Ho, ho, ho, the woods are ring - ing,

Ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing - ing, To the woods a - way we go, a-
Ho, ho, ho, we're gai - ly sing - ing,

Accel e Cres.

way, a - way, a - way so mer - ri - ly, O so mer - ri - ly, O so mer - ri - ly a-

way we go, a - way we go, a - way, ...
a - way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way, a-



(*Faber, followed by his valet, Shady, hastily enters, and is met by Cassady, proprietor of the Dalles, to whom he throws his satchel; they greet each other cordially*).

CASSADY.—What brings you out here; another riot to be writ' up, eh?

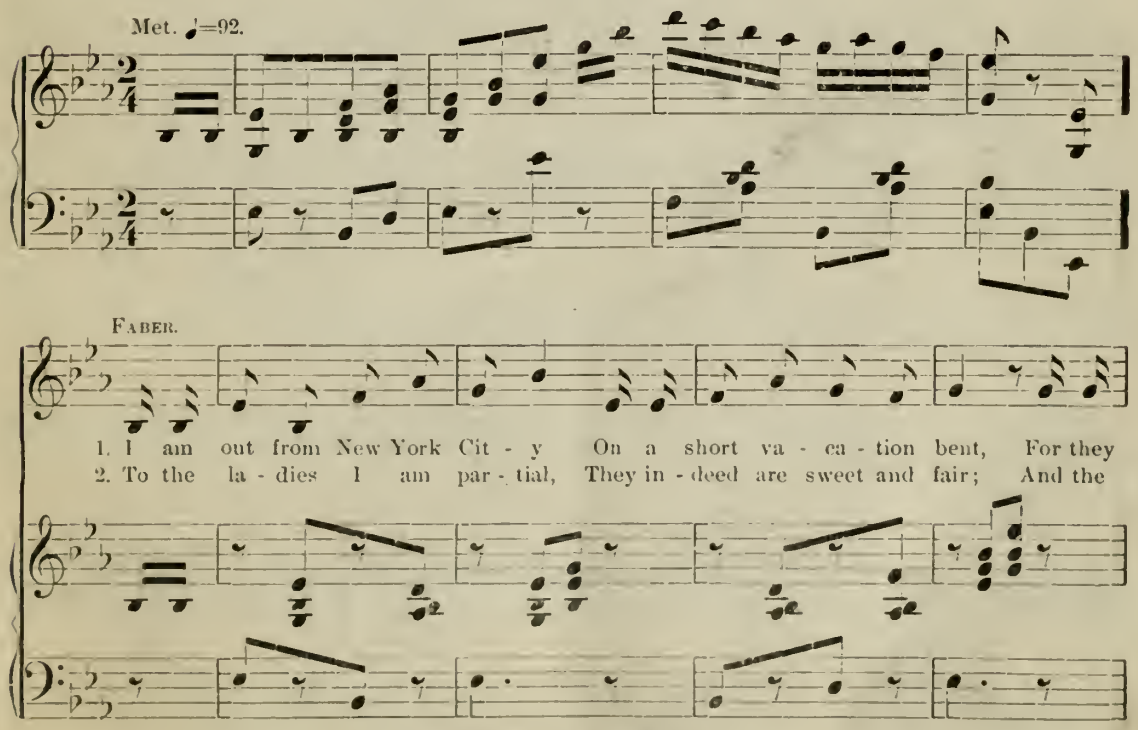
FABER.—No! no! no riot, or hanging or wedding to scoop, but war! War, I tell you, old flint-locks, *war!* (*consternation among the chorus*) but, say! I've got to put up at your factory for a few days. How are you fixed; full, as usual? I mean, are your rooms all taken? Got anything fit to eat about your hash foundry?

CASSADY.—Now, Faber, that's unkind of you, for ——.

FABER.—(*Drawing Cassady aside*) Say, Frankforts, what's all this mean? Who are these people? Mighty nice girls; why don't you present me (*primping*), especially to the ladies. I don't care for the hay-pitchers. Come, I've always been good to you, present me; present me; can't you? What are you standing there like a bump on a log for?

CASSADY.—Ladies and gents, this is a guest of mine, Mr. Faber, the journalist, from New York. He knows how to blow his own bazoo, and (*aside*) let him proceed to blow it. (*Chorus courtesy*).

No. 3. THE REPORTER.



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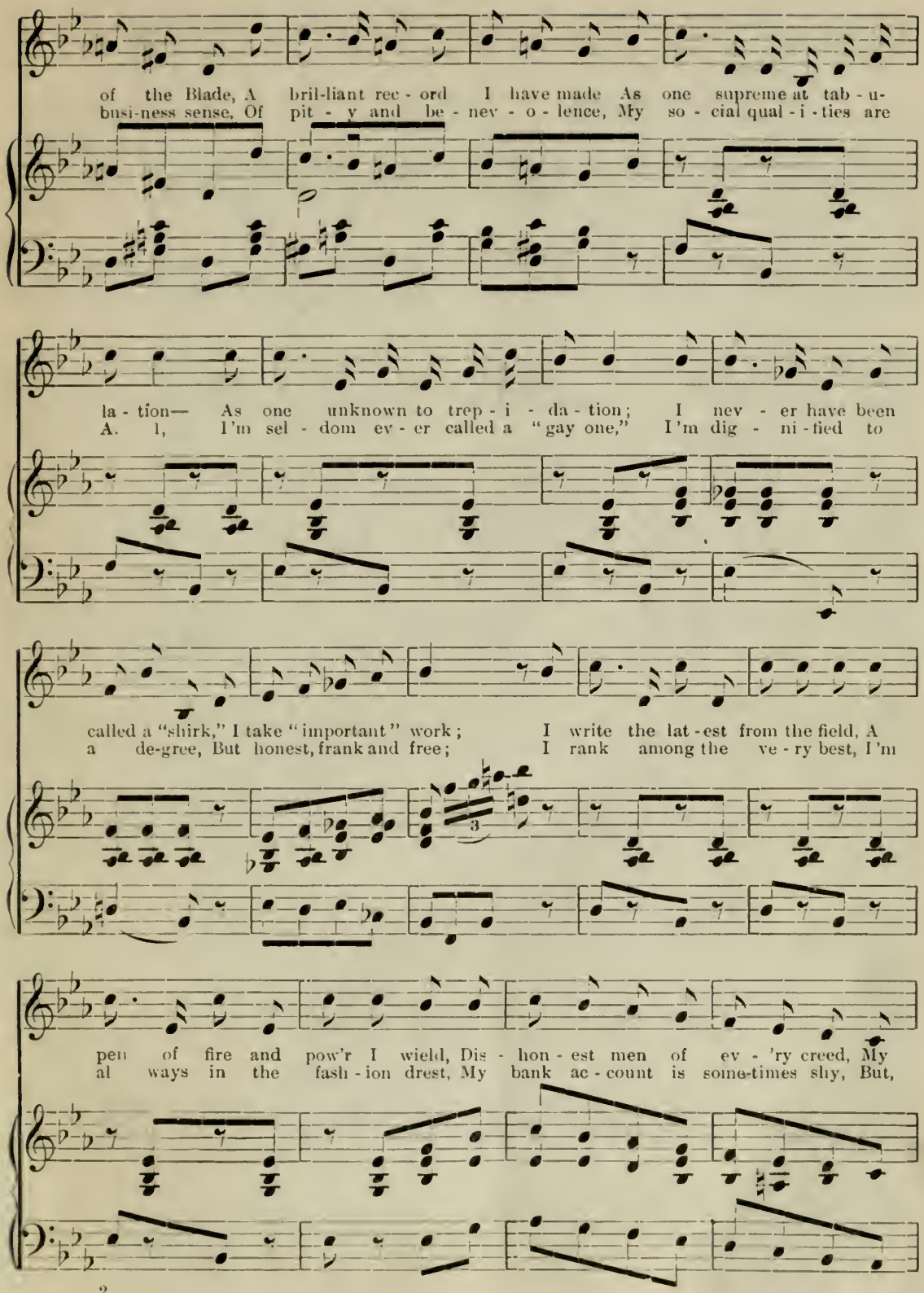
said it was a pit - y, And I should some day re - pent, If I kept my health a-
world would be, without them, Quite a des-ert, I de - clare. 'T is a law, with me un-

tr

bus - ing, By so close a busi - ness strain, And al - tho' I kept re
challenged, To be thoughtful of the sex, And al - tho' they oft - en

fus - ing, My en - deav - ors were in vain. They tell me I 'm in - deed po-
slight me, 'T is their own sweet selves they vex. I'm slow to get ac - quaint-ed

ten - tial, And for suc - cess I am es - sen - tial, A staff re - port - er
ev - er, Tho' pol - ished, af - fa - ble and clev - er, A man of thor-ough


of the Blade, A bril-liant rec - ord I have made As one supreme at tab - u-
busi-ness sense, Of pit - y and be - nev - o - lence, My so - cial qual - i - ties are
la - tion— As one unknown to trep - i - da - tion; I nev - er have been
A. 1, I'm sel - dom ev - er called a "gay one," I'm dig - ni - fied to
called a "shirk," I take "important" work; I write the lat - est from the field, A
a de-gree, But honest, frank and free; I rank among the ve - ry best, I'm
pen of fire and pow'r I wield, Dis - hon - est men of ev - 'ry creed, My
al ways in the fash - ion drest, My bank ac - count is some-times shy, But,

note of warn - ing heed, And run for shel - ter *al - la* quail, When
do you won - der why? Be - cause it is a cru - el plan To

Met. ♩. = 92.

I their schemes as - sail. . . . . I'm first . . . on the list, ... And
tempt one's fel-low - man. . . . .

CHORUS.

He's first on the list,

I . . . will be missed; . . My pa-per would be neg - lect - ed, you see.

CHORUS.

And he will be missed; His

Subscriptions would falter and patrons complain, Pro-

pa-per would be neg - lect - ed, you see.

test and plead in vain. . . . .

CHORUS.

Was ev - er such sil - ly con - ceit made known, Or

such a monstros - i - ty ev - er shown; His tongue is a *fire*— this won-der - ful —*

I

don't un - der - stand you!

Ho! ho!

* A pause.

(*Chorus exit*).

FABER.—Mighty fine lot of girls, old man; especially Pauline. I call her Pauline, because that's my best girl's name, and, of course, *all* good looking ladies are named Pauline, eh, old pizen?

CASSADY.—(*embarrassed*) Why, Faber—that *is*—her name is Pauline ——.

FABER.—Of course! didn't I say so? Tell me anything not already known by a newspaper man, will you, old skinflint? Come to think of it, have you seen anything of a long, loose-jointed, lanky, zoological-looking individual skulking 'round your place ——?

CASSADY.—Gracious, Faber! you do n't mean to tell me it's loose again? Why, that's a picnic party you just met, and if any of them get hurt I'm financially ruined. Do you think it's dangerous?

FABER.—Dangerous? Well, I should remark that it was death unadulterated. I feel faint already. Have you got anything for feebleness that won't kill on the spot?

CASSADY.—(*excitedly*) Come this way immediately. (*Pushes Faber in front of him, turning back himself to ejaculate*): If anybody's hurt I'm ruined!

(*Faber and Cassady exit. Professor enters opposite*).

PROFESSOR.—(*enters hesitatingly*) This must be the place, for I can learn of no other inn in the neighborhood. Queer, that Tommy Faber is n't here to receive me, as he promised; but, then, he was eccentric as a school-boy, and, I presume, as a man he is still careless. There seems to be no one about; everything is quiet and wears a holiday appearance. I'll proceed and make inquiry. (*Knocks on the inn door but receives no reply*). Strange! I'm very tired with so long a journey, and, not being accustomed to traveling, I've grown very drowsy and weary. I think I shall sit down in the shade a few moments; some one may appear of whom I may gain information. (*Leaving his hand baggage where he deposited it on entering, he takes a comfortable seat at one side of the stage, partially concealed, produces a small book and proceeds to read. The Prelude to No. 4 is given, and Cullie is heard singing behind the scenes. She may appear about the eighth measure, with broom and duster, attending to her duties as she sings*).

No. 4. A SERVING MAID AM I.

Met. ♩. = 72.

CULLIE.

1. On - ly a serv - ing maid am I, Fal - lal - le - la, fal - lal - le - la!
2. O that I had been born a queen, Fal - lal - le - la, fal - lal - le - la!

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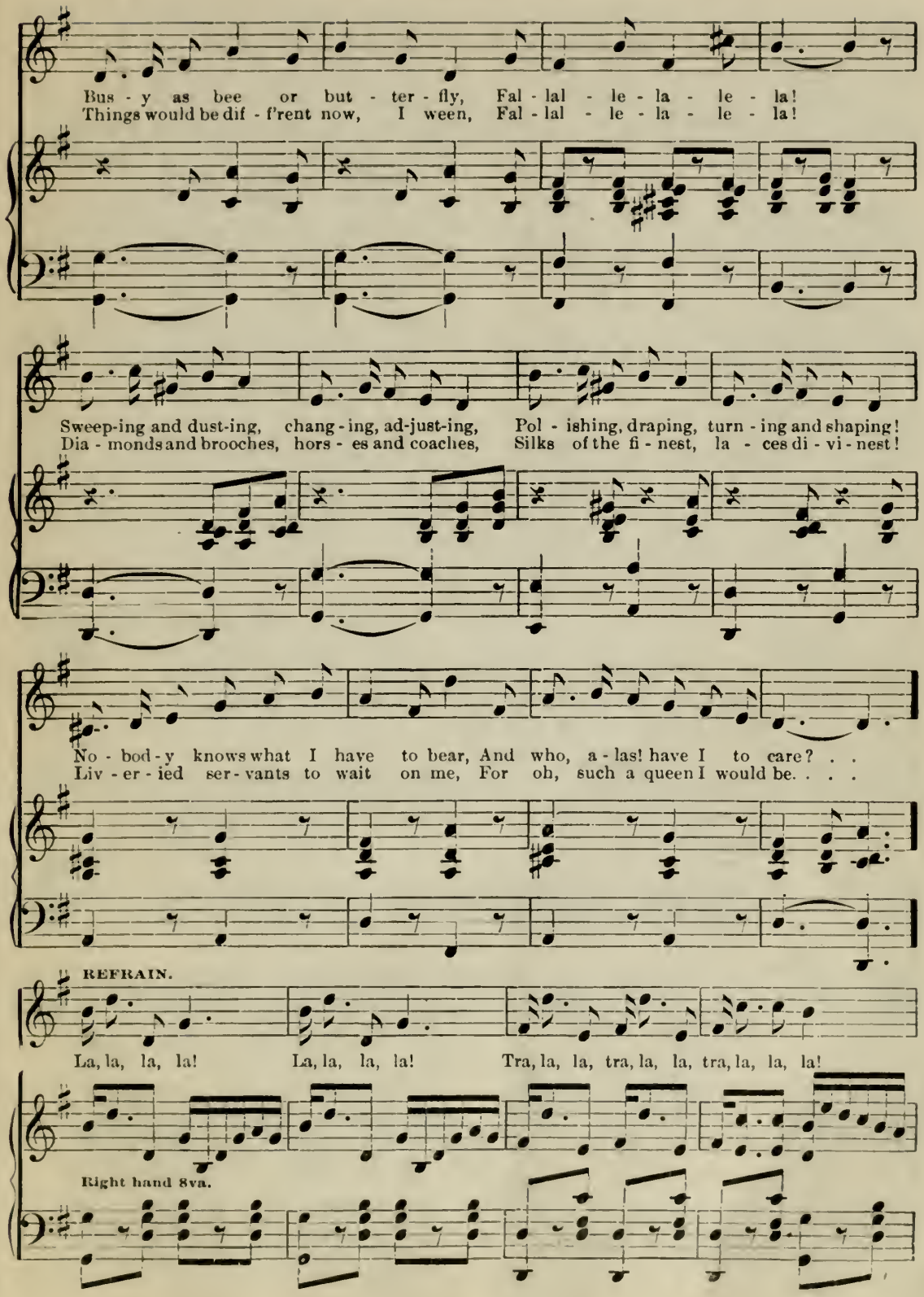
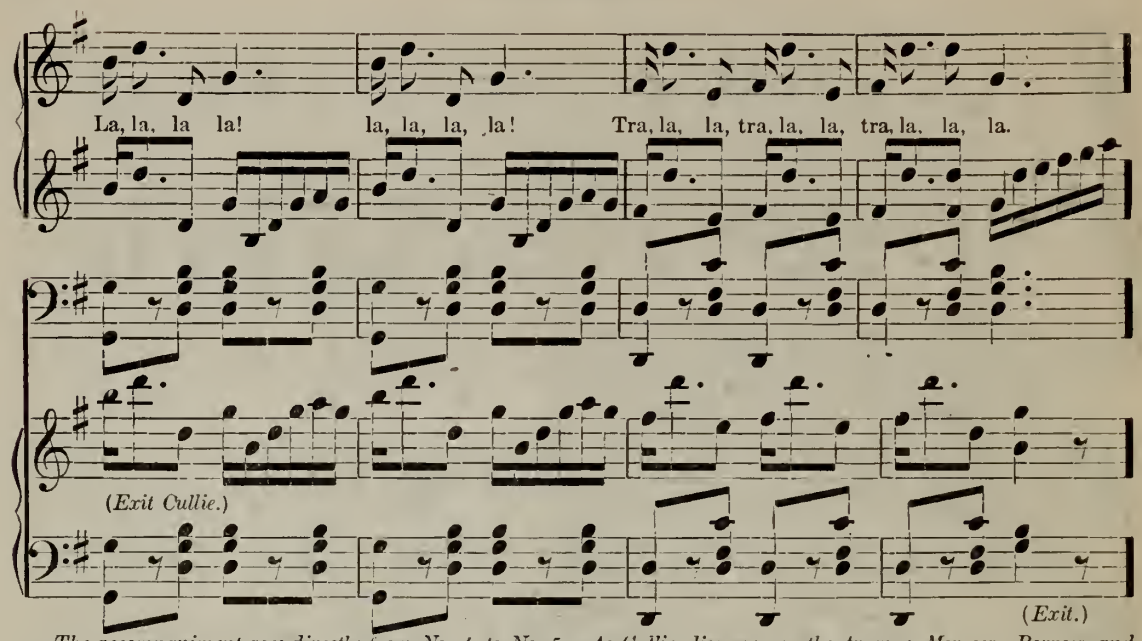
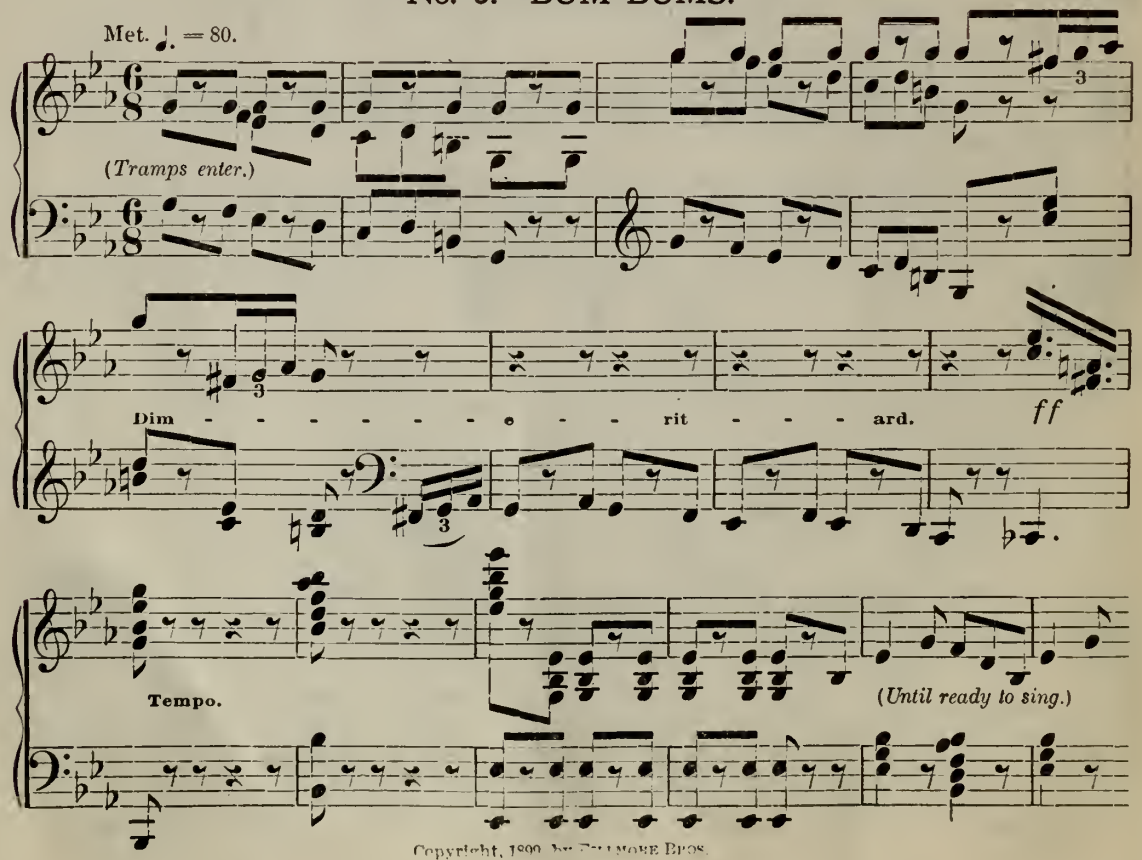

Bus - y as bee or but - ter - fly, Fal - lal - le - la - le - la!
Things would be dif - f'rent now, I ween, Fal - lal - le - la - le - la!
Sweep-ing and dust-ing, chang - ing, ad-just-ing, Pol - ishing, draping, turn - ing and shaping!
Dia - monds and brooches, hors - es and coaches, Silks of the fi - nest, la - ces di - vi - nest!
No - bod - y knows what I have to bear, And who, a - las! have I to care? . .
Liv - er - ied ser - vants to wait on me, For oh, such a queen I would be. . . .
REFRAIN.
La, la, la, la! La, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la!
Right hand 8va.



The accompaniment goes directly from No. 4, to No. 5. As Cullie disappears, the tramps Morrow, Borrow and Sorrow enter opposite, in a cautious, ridiculous manner. When pianist reaches 13th measure of Prelude to No. 5, merely repeat that one measure until tramps sing. They should display curiosity, and take possession of articles that may be placed for that purpose—but they should avoid a too close proximity to the sleeping Professor.

No. 5. BUM BUMS.



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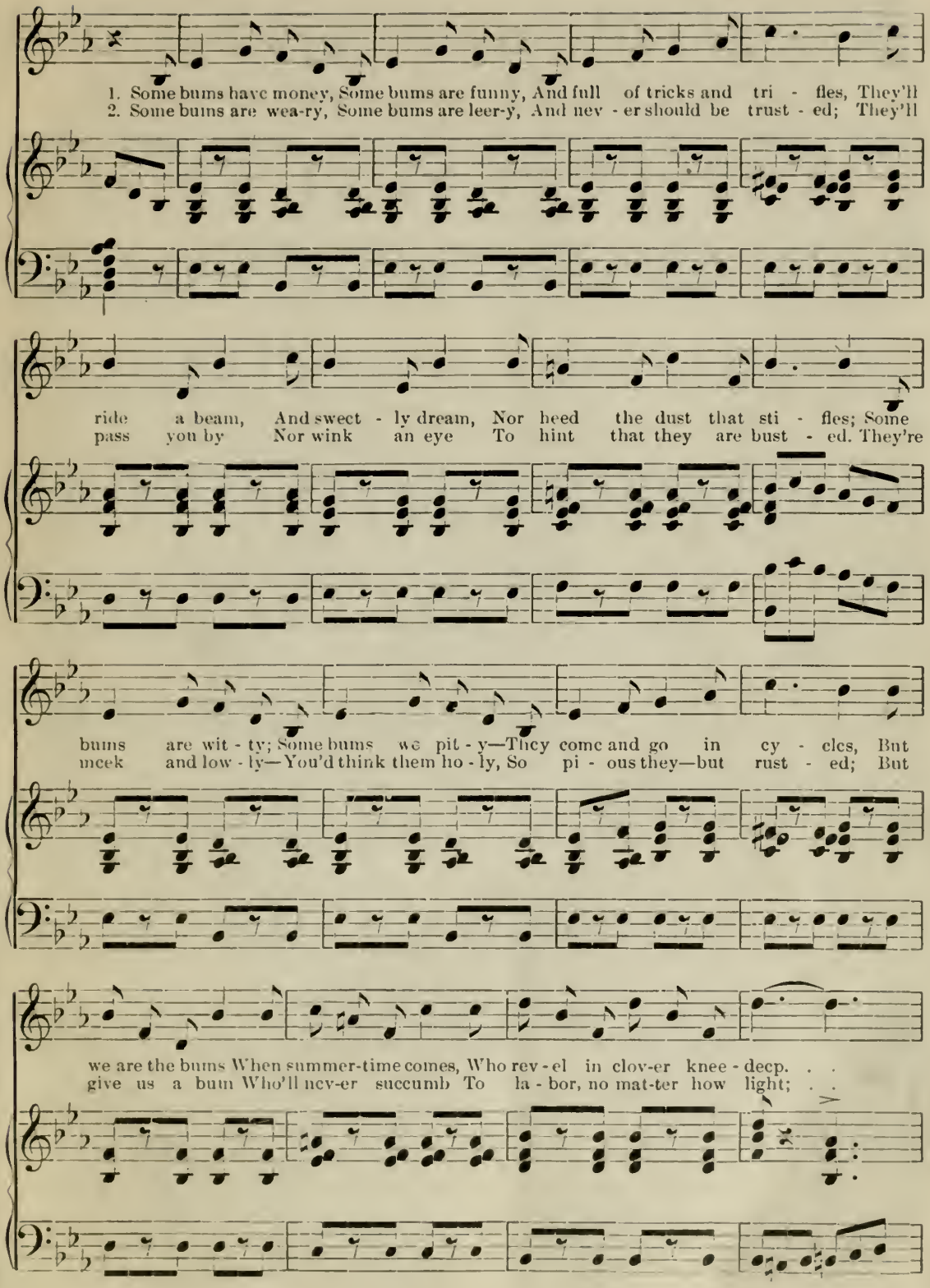

1. Some bums have money, Some bums are funny, And full of tricks and tri - fles, They'll
2. Some bums are wea-ry, Some bums are leer-y, And nev - er should be trust - ed; They'll
ride a beam, And swect - ly dream, Nor heed the dust that sti - fles; Some
pass you by Nor wink an eye To hint that they are bust - ed. They're
bums are wit - ty; Some bums we pit - y—They come and go in cy - cles, But
meek and low - ly—You'd think them ho - ly, So pi - ous they—but rust - ed; But
we are the bums When summer-time comes, Who rev - el in clov-er knee - deep. . .
give us a bum Who'll nev-er succumb To la - bor, no mat-ter how light; . .

We have plenty to eat and wear, Not a troub-le or thought of care;
Such a vag-a-bond ought to be Hoot - ed from the fra - ter - ni - ty!

We are for - tu-nate in the strife,— We are the bums for your life.
We're the mod-els that should be rife,— We are the bums for your life.

TRIO.
MORROW.

Bum bums so ro - sy,— A prem - ium po - sy, Our e - qual sel - dom met with,

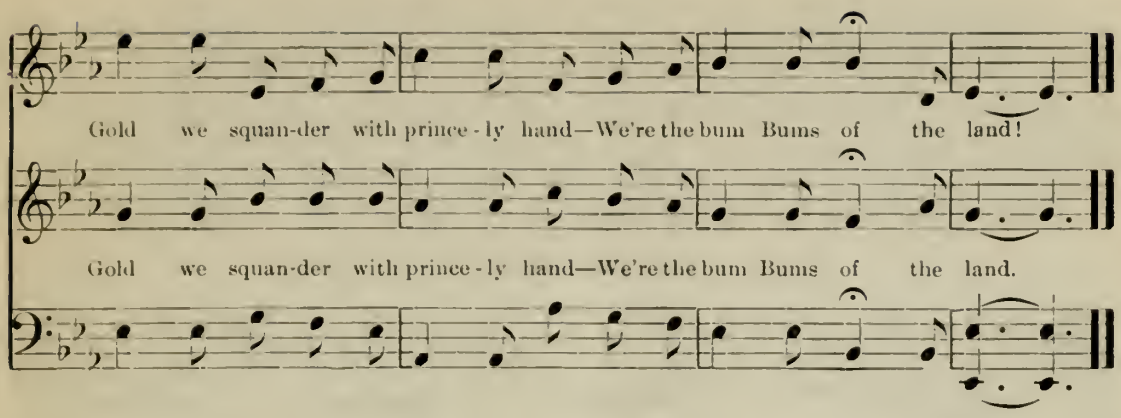
BORROW.

Bum bums so ro - sy,— A prem - ium po - sy, Our e - qual sel - dom met with,

SORROW.

Free to wan - der with - out com - mand, Here and yon - der we take a stand!

Free to wan - der with - out com - mand, Here and yon - der we take a stand!



(*For Interlude, pianist repeat five measures until ready to sing*).

MORROW.—(*As he discovers the Professor's satchel*) Do's me eyes deceif me, or am I cosmetics? Is dees a nee-rash, or is it nit?

BORROW.—Let-a me took it! it is nider. (*Makes pretense to possess the satchel and receives a blow from Morrow*).

MORROW.—Zertainly! took it, fickeratifely!

BORROW.—(*threateningly*) Dot's an insult vot you owes me!

SORROW.—Shentlemen! Shentlemen! tiss but dogs dot delight to quarrel and vight. De disputes I vill zettle py dispossessing de coots myzellef. (*He rudely takes possession of the valise and proceeds to investigate into its contents*). In dees vurniture I finds guffs, gollars (*goes on to enumerate, exhibit and lay out upon the floor various articles*). And here iss a buke vitch sess it dreets of "cause and effect off de ingreediments used in de milky vay upon de human system; togedder vit a gomblete dognosis, frognosis and treatnosis of non-supporting citizenship." (*A pause for expressions of surprise*).

MORROW.—Refuse me to oxplain. Do you find such a buke on dot titles?

SORROW.—Do I misunderstand me dot yon vish to question de avorishousness of my recomolections?

BORROW.—He consolidated a remarkableislness in his practorial vociforations.

SORROW.—Shentlemen! if you vill but be impatient I will arrival at de consumption off de multiplications. Come! come (*stowing the contents of the Professor's satchel in his pockets*)! we haf not dime to procrastination. We haf preambled here from de retrenchments off de forces, for de oxpressly intentions of securing de bottlefied syg-nature of his hospitalities, whereby ve shall engross de profitableness off laborions danger. Vere is de bapers of disagreements we haf en-sembled to elucidation?

MORROW.—I haf de dishonor to vegetable de manifestations. (*Produces and hands to Sorrow the paper*).

BORROW.—(*striking a dogged attitude*) I refuse to si—i—ign—n—n.

MORROW.—I, likewise, take expectoration to a few of de itinerations I find consolidated in de protocol.

SORROW.—It is ferry exemploraneous and feasibility. De incomprehensibility of some beeples is inconclusionableness. If ve git not de skygnature of de gentle Cassady ve gits (*draws his finger across his throat, at which the other two are greatly startled, and both discover the sleeping Professor. With signals of alarm they quietly but hastily exit, leaving the Professor's empty satchel where they found it. Faber enters and discovers the sleeping Professor; goes close to and recognizes him*).

FABER.—Ah-ha! very good, old Professor! Now for a little invigoration as a starter. (*Goes up to the sleeper and rudely jostles him; at which the Professor, alarmed, rolls off the seat, and is much distressed as Faber continues to arraign him*). Sir, this is not a lodging house for tramps nor a sleeping car for road agents. This is a hotel. Are you a money-paying guest of the house, sir?

PROFESSOR.—N—n—no, sir; that is—that is—I am—expecting ——

FABER.—To get something for nothing, or worse. I know you, sir, and you are as good as hung already for a spy. Let me ask you how in the name of all that's honorable and upright, do you imagine that all this magnificence, all these rare luxuries, all this pure atmosphere floating through imperial blue-vaultedness can be for the free right, enjoyment and benefit of every idler who may chance to pass this way? And let me inquire of you whether you can reasonably expect to bask in all the ecstacies of this paradise without money and without price? Speak!

PROFESSOR.—I—I—I beg your pardon, sir; I am not ac—accustomed to t—t—traveling. I am a man of books and a teacher. I came here on the invitation of a former pupil, but—but—but I presume I have missed our meeting point, as my friend, the journalist, is not here to meet me.

FABER.—Was you looking for a gentleman, did you say, sir?

PROFESSOR.—Yes, sir; a gentleman from New York.

FABER.—A newspaper man, sir?

PROFESSOR.—Yes, sir; and if you can direct me ——

FABER.—Was his name Faber, sir?

PROFESSOR.—Yes, sir; and, if you please, where may I find him?

FABER.—Behold, the man! Say, Readin', Ritin' and Spellin', how are you any way? Shake (*the Professor hesitates*)! What! You don't mean to insinuate that you fail to recognize in this magnificent specimen of manhood, the good little boy, the close student, the ever suave and gentlemanly little fellow to whom you so often applied the barrel-stave of knowledge?

PROFESSOR.—Is it possible that you are Tommy Faber? Well! well! well!

FABER.—Not only possible, but it is a genuine reappearance of Faber. "Tommy" is defunct, I am simply Faber, the journalist. I was sent out here for a rest by my paper. I expect they 'll bust while I 'm resting. I told them they would, but they insisted that I *needed* a rest. I telegraphed you to meet me, and here we are; so, come along, we must have old stick-in-the-mud locate us, for we are obliged to remain here for a few days. I just received a message from the house saying that I might be needed to make some important reports of the trouble that is brewing just across the line. Confidentially, there 's liable to be bloodshed, but do n't mind it, for it will not be yours, I hope. Leave your grip and come along; I 'll send Shady to take it up to your room. (*Exit Faber and the Professor. Chilkoot Ike enters opposite, takes a seat, and, with his face buried in his hands, does not heed nor is noticed by Chickie, who enters in a dilettante manner. When discovered he should be surly at being disturbed, but becomes more amiable as he proceeds with his answer*).

No. 6. A CHARMING MORNING.

Chilkoot Ike enters.

Chickie enters.

CHICKIE.

Tempo ad lib.

Ah! 't is a charming morning, With flee-cy cloud-lets the sky a - dorn - ing; Ah-

me! ah - me! That this fond heart a new love should be born in;

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(*Discovers Chilkoot Ike.*)

CHILKOOT IKE.

Mer - cy up - on me! Who are you? Mad-am, do you re-

fer to me, to me? Is it pos - si - ble that you do not

Ad lib.

rec - og - nize me, *me!* Oh! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ad lib.

No. 7. CHILKOOT IKE.

CHILKOOT IKE.

Met. ♩= 96.

1. I am Chil-koot Ike, From the cold Klon-dyke, And the
2. I'm a mill - ion - aire, I have gold to spare, I'm the

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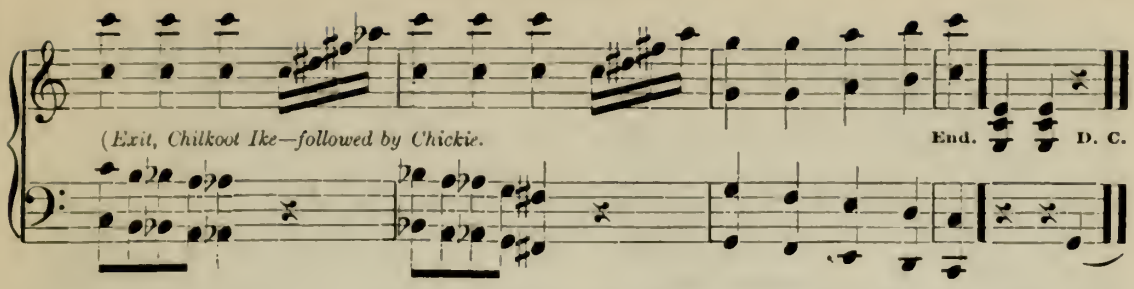
best man in the town; I've an ea - gle eye—Am a tri - fle "fly," But a
great bo - nan - za king; I am known to fame—Witness, please, my name; Of my

man of great re - nown. I'm as bold as a li - on in his
hon - or great men sing. I'm a prince, and the li - on of so-

jun - gle lair; Not a sage or a si - on can with me com - pare!
ci - e - ty; I'm the es - sence of learn-ing and pro - pri - e - ty!

Chil - koot Ike, from the cold Klon-dyke! Dashing, fear - less Chil-koot Ike.



(*Cullie enters in a slow, thoughtful manner, gesticulating and talking to herself*).

CULLIE.—Well, the axiom, "It never rains but it pours," is as true as gospel. I'm so tired and yet so excited. I wish Ruben would ac—ci—den—tal—ly drop in, I must talk to somebody; even Shady would be better than a post. I do wonder what all this hubbub means. Two strangers in town, a picnic in the grove, lots of love-making; um! and an air of unusual mystery everywhere. I wonder what those bums were up to? Something. I wonder what that young Jack-a-nape is here for? Wonder what that half-starved Professor wants? Wonder what is bothering Chilkoot Ike? Something. Well, let them play their little game, I can't play it for them. I *wish* Ruben would come; he's plowing over in the field yonder, and I should think he would *know* I was all alone, and lonesome. Oh, well! if I was a Queen I'd be a Queen, but since I'm not a Queen I'll be a ——. Oh, here's that Ethiopian. (*Shady enters. Cullie discovers the Professor's satchel and points to it*). Say, Africa, what's *that?*

SHADY.—De Perfesso's grip, shoo's I's bo'nd an' he done sont me to tote 'er up to his room. (*Picks it up and finds it empty*). An' Lor' bless me, it's as empty as a meetin' house on Monday! Somebody's been grabblin' in dis shere baggage, or I'm no nigga' shuah!

CULLIE.—I expect it was examined by those bums that were here a little while ago, but you better take what's left of it up to the Professor; he might need it, beside, he might think *you* rifled it. (*Exit Shady*). Oh, dear! here comes Ruben, as I live. Now I must appear unconcerned. (*Pretends not to see Ruben as he enters*).

RUBEN.—Good morning, Cullie! A fine morning this. I just came over for a drink of water, and thinking you were left alone to-day, I flattered myself that perhaps you might not object to my company a few moments, beside, you know I do so love ——

CULLIE.—(*sarcastically*) Who-do-you-so-love, pray?

RUBEN.—Your ——

CULLIE.—Me! how *dare* you say so?

RUBEN.—Singing ——

CULLIE.—O—o—o—h!

RUBEN.—Yes; I *love* to hear your singing, Cullie, and I always stop my team to listen when your voice floats over to me. By the way, Cullie, that's a jolly party at the picnic, isn't it? and such a beauty is Pauline ——.

CULLIE.—(*jealously*) Oh! is she!

RUBEN.—Yes; and such a lady. My, but isn't the Dr. in love with her, though. Ha! ha! ha!

CULLIE.—What makes you think so?

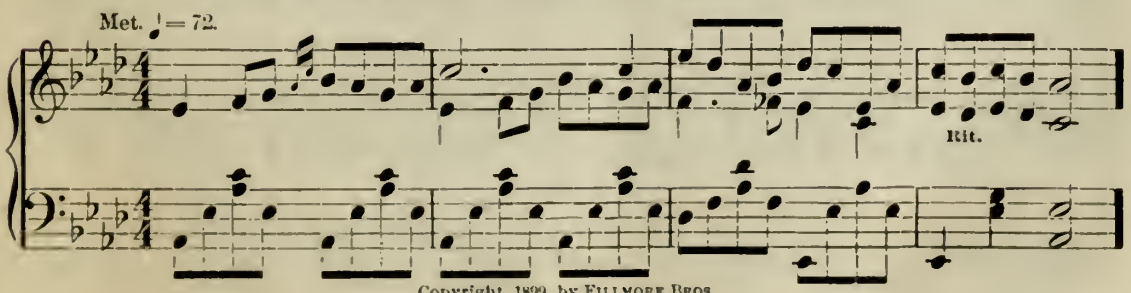
RUBEN.—Oh, I overheard some things; and, say, that New York chap is on her trail like a fox-hound. Cassady took him out to the ground; and, Cullie, he's clear gone already, poor fellow!

CULLIE.—Poor fellow, indeed! He's a fool, that's what he is, but then, "there are others."

RUBEN.—I—I—I don't understand you, Cullie.

CULLIE.—Oh, most men fail to understand some things. I often think that had I been born a boy instead of a girl, when I grew up I would possess a keener sense of discernment than some folks I know. Why, if the flowers could speak, *they* could put most men in the shade.

No. 8. COULD THE FLOWERS SPEAK.



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CULLIE.

Oh, could the flowers on - ly speak, What tales they could eas - i - ly un-

RUBEN.

Oh, could the flow-ers on - ly speak, What

fold, Of bash - ful swain and love - lorn maid, That

tales they could eas - i - ly un - fold, . . . Of love - lorn maid, That

nev - er will be told; What vain re - grets— What

nev - er will be told; Cru - el haunt-ing fears, What

heart-aches, sighs and tears. They'd whisper— and ech-o— For the

heart-aches, sighs and tears. Words of gladness, much of sadness, For the

world's the same to-day as yes - ter-day! Not un - du - ly

world's the same to-day as yes - ter-day! Love is un-cer-tain, quite un-

Rit.

is it—tru - ly! Will it poise its wings and fly a - way?

cer-tain, It will poise its wings and fly a - way!

Rit.

RUBEN.

Could the flow-ers tell what they may know, It would be sac - ri - le - gious!

Tho' to some 'twould seem a jest, To oth - ers 'twould be te - dious.

If, for in - stance, they should whisper Words you know are true, . .

Tempo ad lib.

what would you do? . .

CULLIE.

What right have you, sir? If I well knew, sir, You not a mo-ment should ex-

Faster.

pect . . . My con-fi - dence . . . un-asked, in-deed! . . . . I am as-

ton-ished! rec - ol - lect, . . I told you so, . . . I told you so! . . . . .

You'll rec - ol - lect, You'll not for - get, That com - ing

I'll rec - ol - lect, . . . I'll not for - get; . . . . That com - ing

years may leave a res - ig - na - tion meek; But don't expect . . . Please don't ex-

years may leave a res - ig - na - tion meek; I will ex - pect,

Rit.

pect . . . . To hear from me un - til the flow - ers speak.

I will ex - pect To hear from you be - fore the flow - ers speak.

Rit.

SHADY.— (*enters in a very dilapidated condition*) Well! well! well! Ef da eber was a more onlucky niggar dan what dish yere coon is, I's like ter hab somebody massayker him right now. He better hang, shuah. Kase he aint no good, an' he boun' ter come to some bad en' any how yo' kin fix 'im. Look like I done had speunce 'nuff for to hab better luck. I's 'most skeered old Satan got some contrapsion er nudder sot for to ketch me. Mars Faber he draw a hoss pistol on me, and tole me it was time fer dis niggar to fall on he marrow-bones, and dat Perfesso' he looks pizen at dis colo'd chile. Keyollars, keuffs an' neckties all gone, an' he 'clare to gracious he got nuthin' left for to wear. 'Sides all dis, dar's Cassady flim-flam me wid a scantlin' and sot de dog on to me, and all wha' for? Kase somebody done keeried off what was n't dere's fer to tote. Oh, dat villain! dat rabscallion! dat wall-eyed mud-cat what ramsacked dat grip and toted off de wearin' 'parrel ob de Perfesso' and disgraced dis chile! Ef Shady gits dese han's on 'im he's a Jonah, shuah!

No. 9. HE'S A JONAH.

Met. ♩= 116.

SHADY.

1. I'm a hon - est col - lo'd pus - son an' I won't stan' fool - in'!
2. I'm as good as a - ny ud - der man— I don't 'cept a - ny;

Yo' heah me a talk - in'? I was bo'n in ole Vir - gin - ny an' I
Yo' heah me a talk - in'? And for bet - ter look - in' coons, the Lord he

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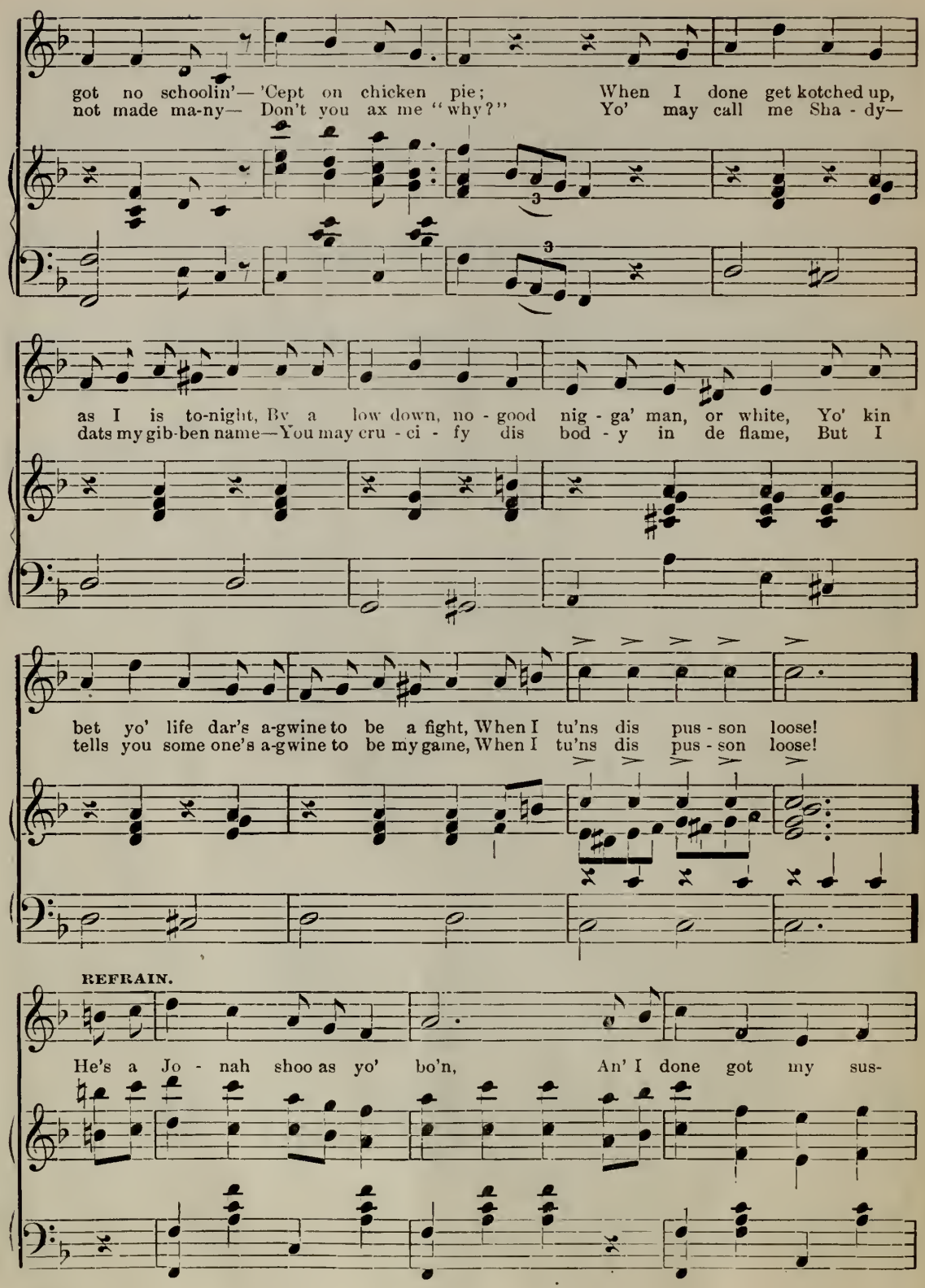
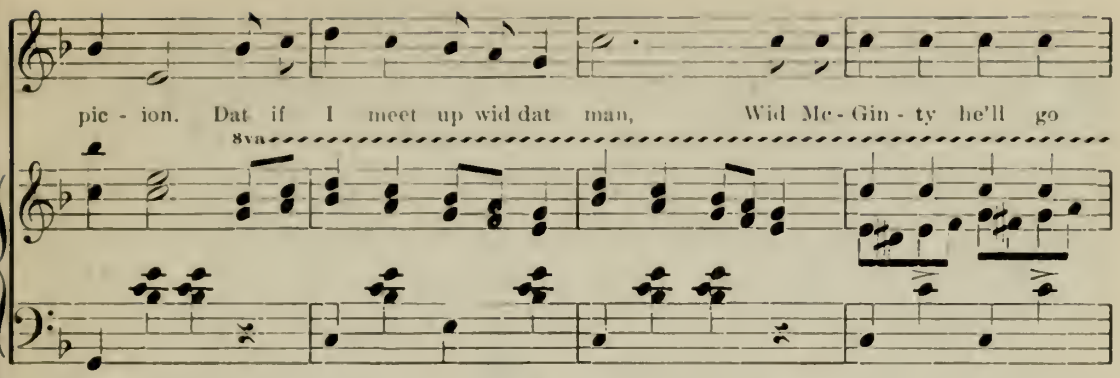
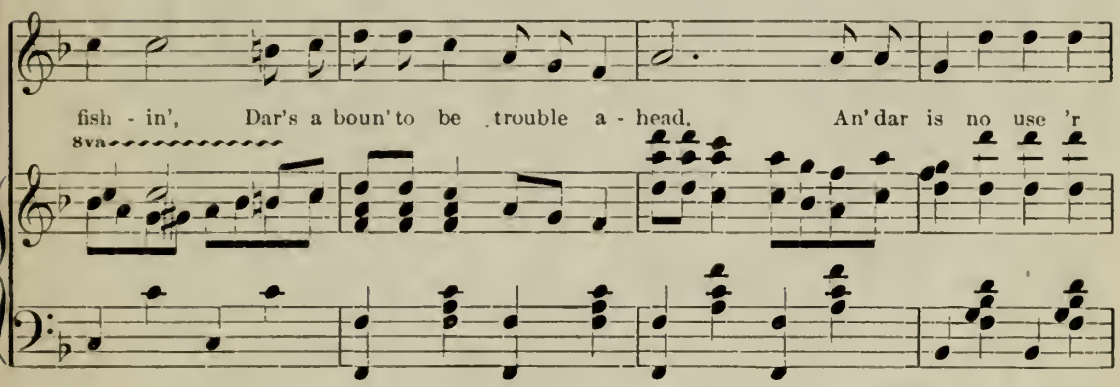
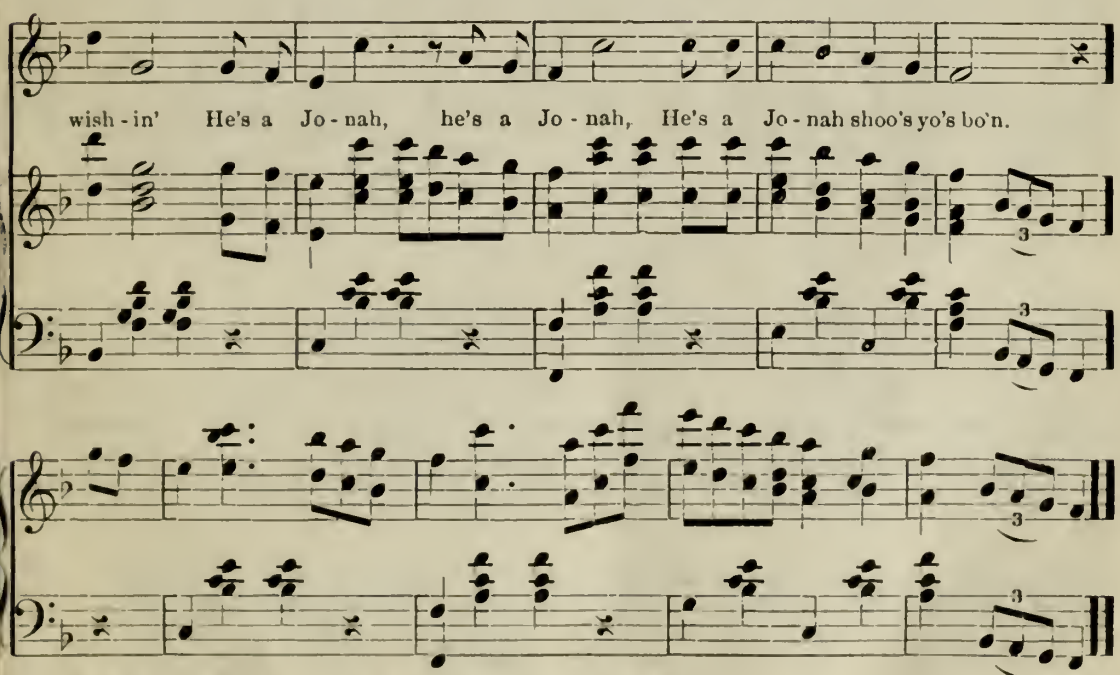

got no schoolin'— 'Cept on chicken pie; When I done get kotched up,
not made ma-ny— Don't you ax me "why?" Yo' may call me Sha - dy—
as I is to-night, By a low down, no - good nig - ga' man, or white, Yo' kin
dats my gib-ben name—You may cru - ci - fy dis bod - y in de flame, But I
bet yo' life dar's a-gwine to be a fight, When I tu'ns dis pus - son loose!
tells you some one's a-gwine to be my game, When I tu'ns dis pus - son loose!
REFRAIN.
He's a Jo - nah shoo as yo' bo'n, An' I done got my sus-

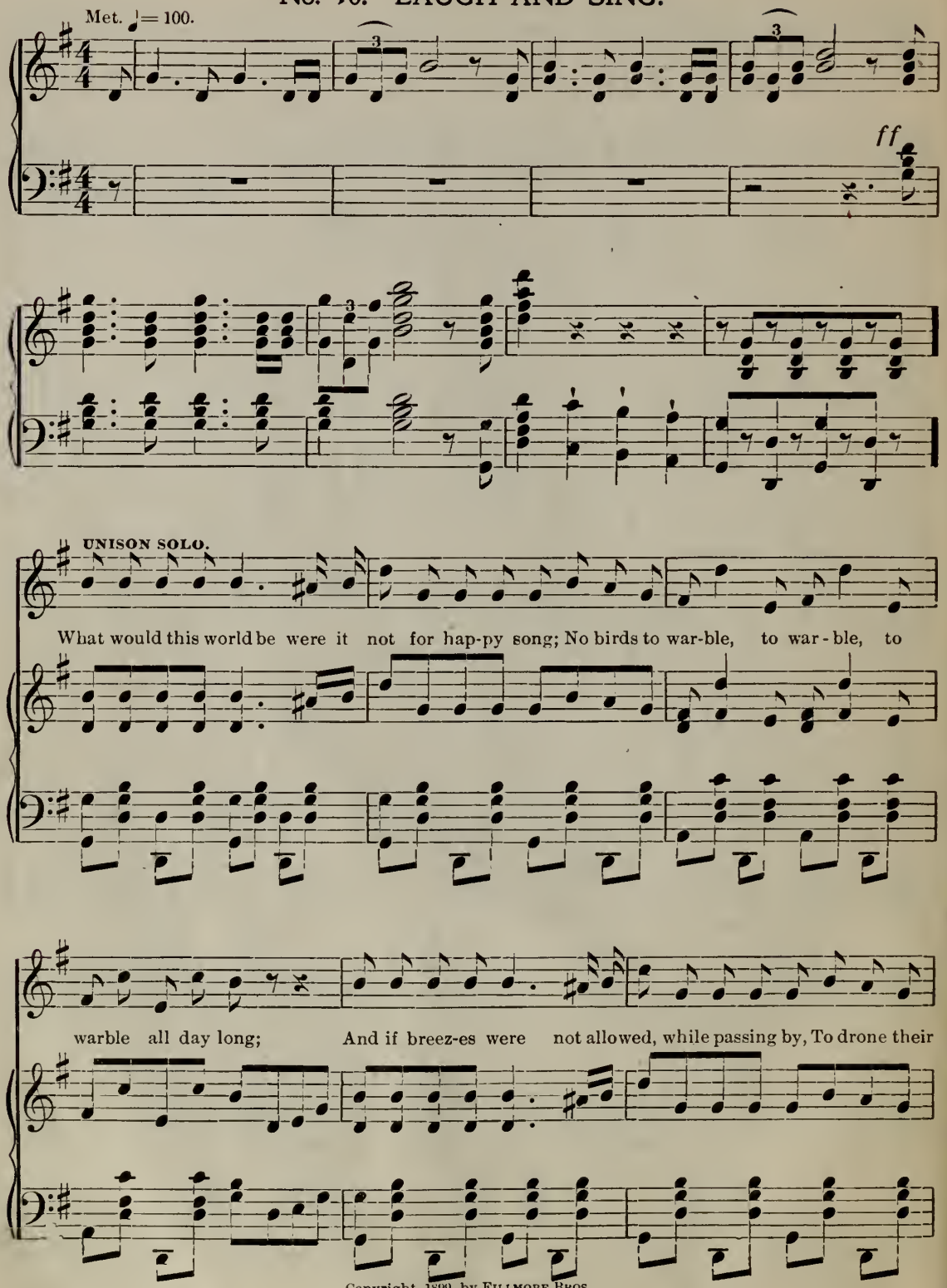






(Shady exit. Prelude to No 10 is heard, and Chorus enter singing.)

No. 10. LAUGH AND SING.



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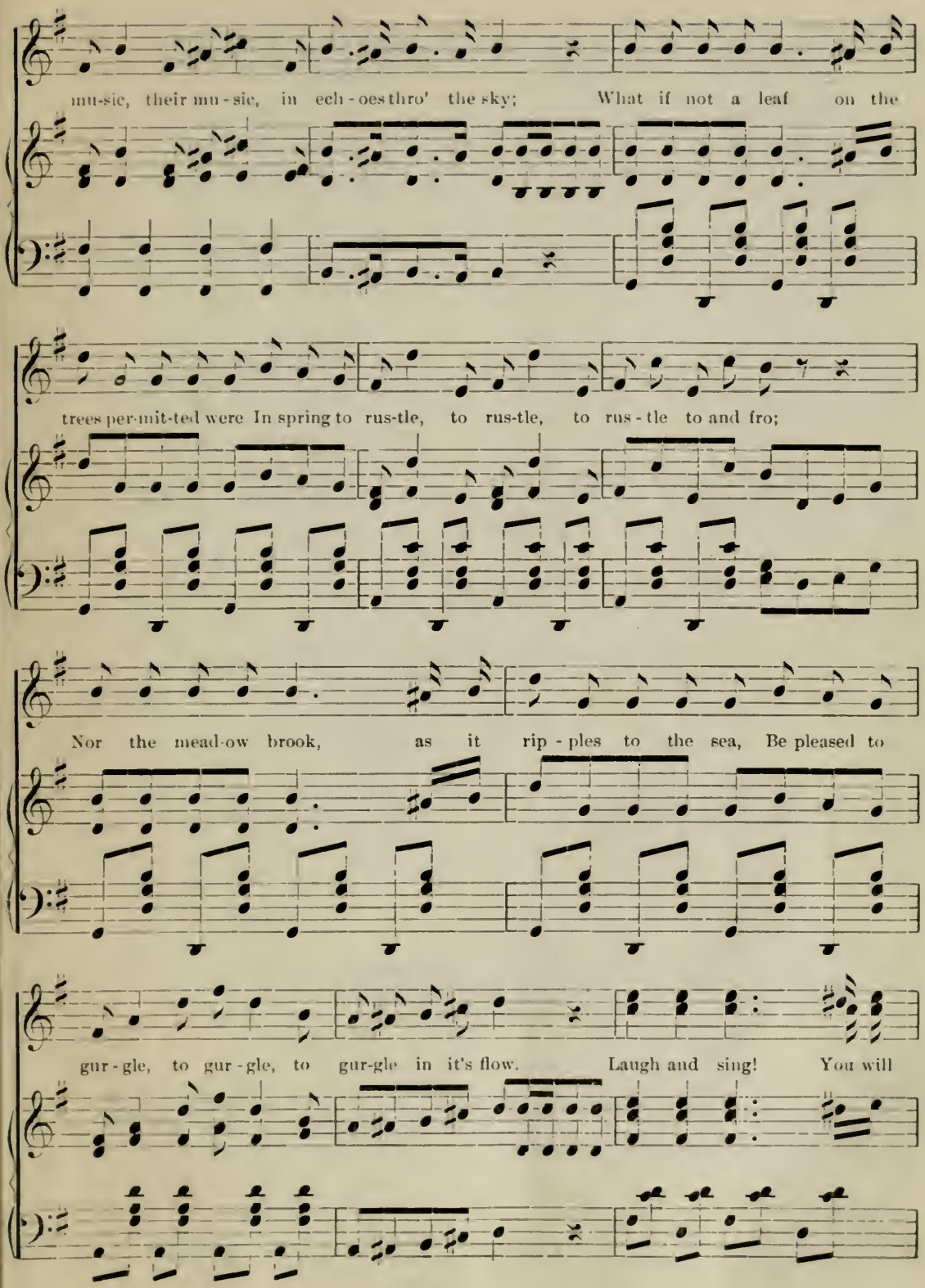

mu-sic, their mu-sic, in ech-oes thro' the sky; What if not a leaf on the
trees per-mit-ted were In spring to rus-tle, to rus-tle, to rus-tle to and fro;
Nor the mead-ow brook, as it rip-ples to the sea, Be pleased to
gur-gle, to gur-gle, to gur-gle in it's flow. Laugh and sing! You will

find that it will pay; Laugh and sing, and the clouds will drift a-way;

Weep, and sure - ly you will weep a - lone! Sad - ness is a ty - rant king;

All the world has troub-les of its own, Then let us ev - er laugh and sing.

Met. ♩. = 100.

Laugh, and all the world will be the bright - er ev - 'ry day;

Laugh, and all the world will brighter be ev - 'ry day,

Sing, and life will ev - er prove a mer - ry roun - de - lay;

Sing, and life will prove a mer - ry roun-de - lay;

Mirth and mu - sic min - gle ev - en as wa - ters meet and flow, Then let us

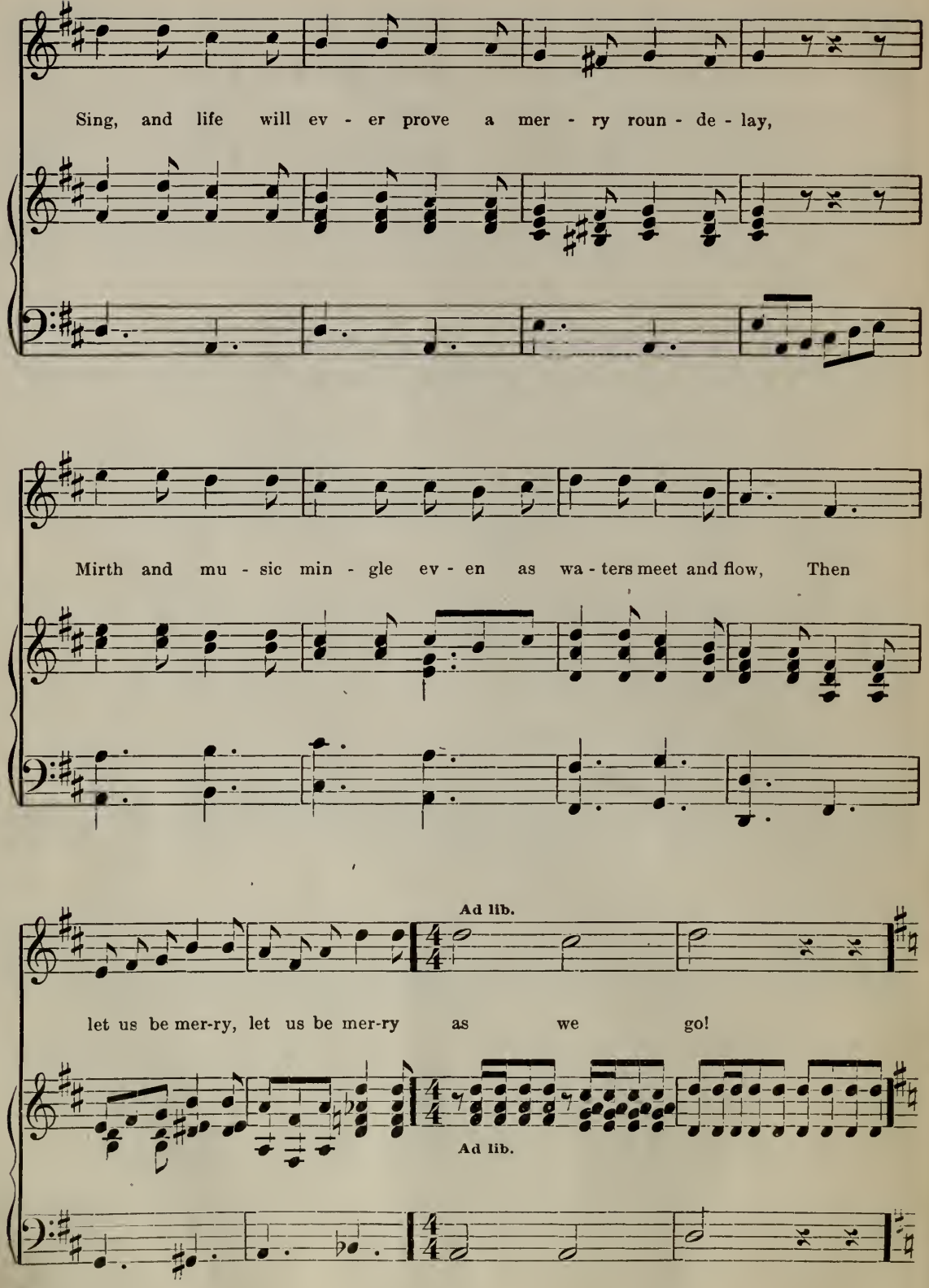
Mirth and mu - sic meet and flow, Then

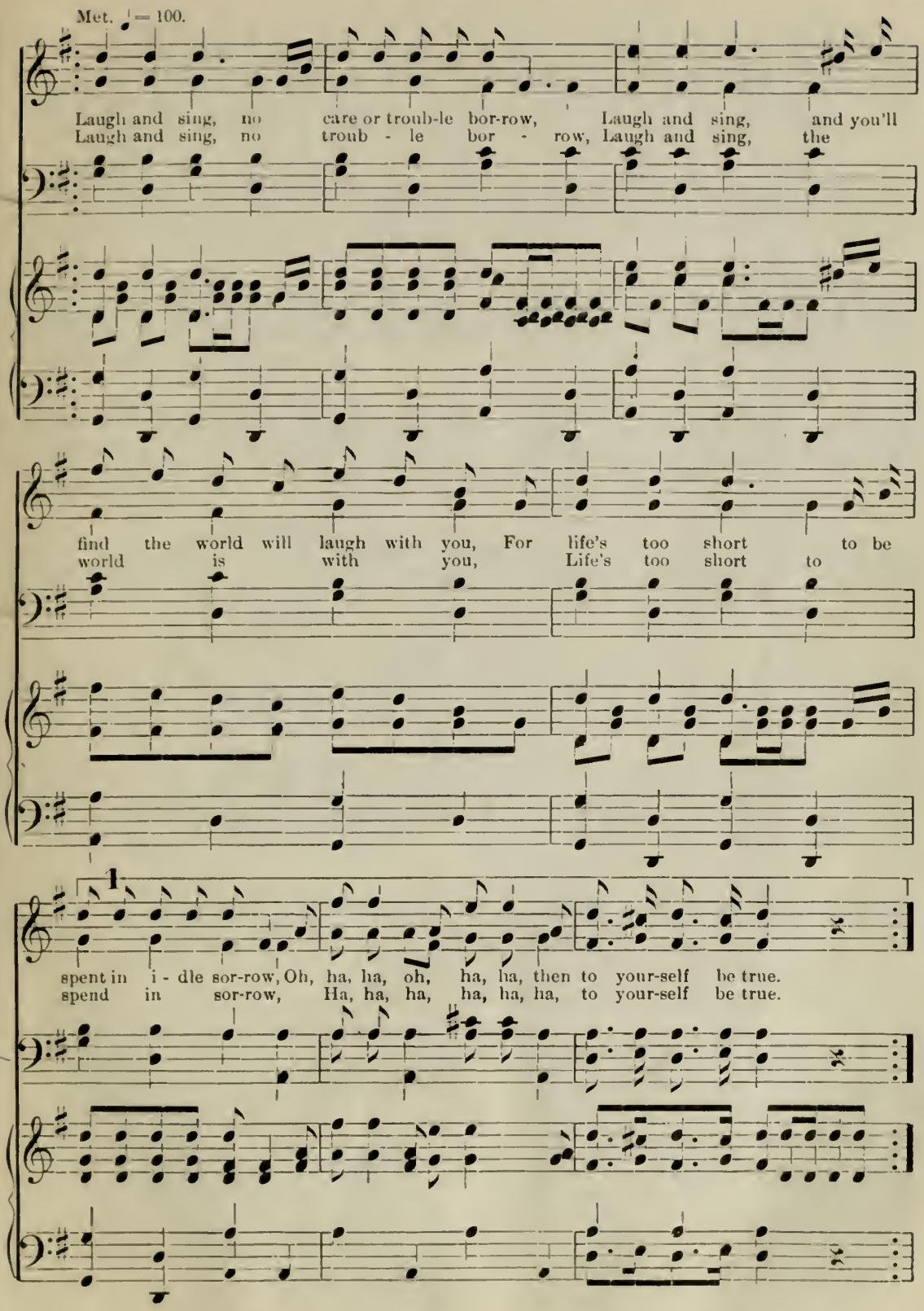
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly laugh and sing as on we go.

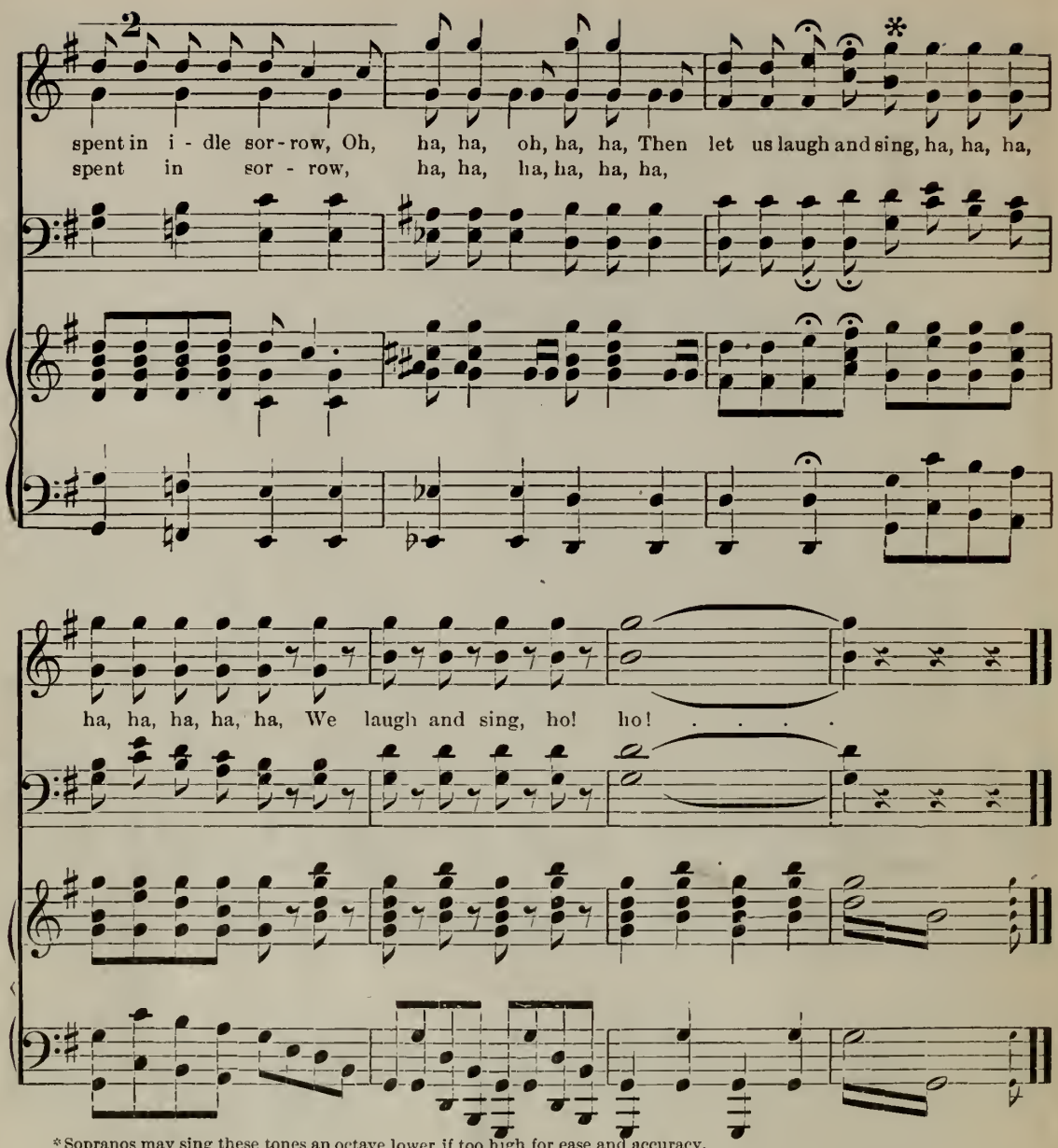
let us laugh and sing as on we go.

UNISON.

Laugh, and all the world will be the bright - er ev - 'ry day;


Sing, and life will ev - er prove a mer - ry roun - de - lay,
Mirth and mu - sic min - gle ev - en as wa - ters meet and flow, Then
Ad lib.
let us be mer-ry, let us be mer-ry as we go!
Ad lib.


Met. ♩ = 100.
Laugh and sing, no care or troub-le bor-row, Laugh and sing, and you'll
Laugh and sing, no troub - le bor - row, Laugh and sing, the
find the world will laugh with you, For life's too short to be
world is with you, Life's too short to
1
spent in i - dle sor-row, Oh, ha, ha, oh, ha, ha, then to your-self be true.
spend in sor-row, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, to your-self be true.



* Sopranos may sing these tones an octave lower if too high for ease and accuracy.

(*All gentlemen exit; ladies only, except Pauline, remaining on the stage*).

NAINE.—Now, girls, I have arranged with Kiomi to be here soon, and she shall tell all our fortunes. (*Expressions of delight*). She knows *everything*, at least she says she does, about the future, and she 's in a good humor to-day; really she had a smile on her face when I met her, and *that*, you know, means something.

CHICKIE.—Dear! dear! I know just what she will read in my palm, then. For if she tells me the truth she will tell me oh such good things. A—a—a—h me! I have been so good and lonesome, but a brighter day is dawning for poor me.

CULLIE.—Allow me to congratulate you, Chickie, you are to be envied; and let me assure you of one thing, *there is but one Chickie*, or ever was. It 's a wonder your heart was n't stolen years ago.

CHICKIE.—Yes; it is to be wondered at, but it was n't. Yet, lately I feel a peculiar strangeness, a sort of presentiment that I am soon to lose it. (*All sigh*).

CULLIE.—Sigh once more, girls. (*All sigh*). Once more for the New York journalist. (*Extra deep sigh*).

NAINE.—Please, girls, don't be sarcastic or unkind. Mr. Faber, I believe, is a good, true-hearted young man, and I believe he will prove himself such before he leaves us. You will find he has a good, honest heart underneath his frivolity. But here comes Kiomi. Now for the fortunes.

(*They crowd around the fortune teller. As she sings she tells their various fortunes*).

No. 11. FORTUNE TELLING.

Met. ♩ = 69.

KIOMI.

1. For - tune is a fick - le mis-tress,
2. Here I trace the lines of pleas - ure,
3. Ah, what's this I see de - pict - ed?

(*Kiomi may take various hands to read, but should be occupied with Chickie's only during the last verse.*)

Take her as you will; . . . Fon - dle her the tend'rest, yet she'll Be con - tra - ry
Wishes none a - miss; . . . Here's the o - men of a treas-ure, Of con - nu - bial
Cas - tles by the score; . . . Un - attained, un - re - al - ized are Plans and hopes ga-

still. Here are lines of true love bro - ken, There the wan - ing moon,
bliss. You should be a hap - py maid - en, Hap - py as you're true,
lore, But to pa - tience add you cour - age, Faith ap - plied with zeal,

Ad lib.

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Tempo Ad lib.

Dis - ap - point - ment—that's the to - ken, Com - ing ver - y soon.
For a fu - ture rich - ly la - dened Is a - wait - ing you.
May, in time, with care - ful nurs - ing, Some re - ward re - veal.

p Ad lib.

Met. ♩. = 60.
CHORUS.

Dear, dear! how can she dis - cern our an - ti - ci - pa-tion? We are ver - y

Accomp.

zeal-ons, And, Ki - o - mi, tell us, All in the fu-ture you see. . . . .
tell us what you see.

Rit.

For it is of great con - cern, And a con - so - la - tion, To be thus en-

lightened, E - ven tho' we're frightened, Hearing what our future state may be. . . .
may be.

Interlude and Symph.

(All exit. Pauline enters and sings promptly after the last measure of Symphony of No. 11; or, if desired, the Chorus of No. 11 may be repeated in the distance. In this case, Pauline may enter leisurely during the singing.)

No. 12. SHADOWLAND.

PAULINE.

Woe is me! woe is me! Sad heart - ed and op - pressed, Dis-

Rit. Met. ♩. = 60.

mayed and sore distressed!

Rit. Ad lib.

1. Why am I . . dis - tressed . . and why cast down? . . .
2. Poor heart, why . . la - ment? . . cease thy re - gret, ...

Why should this shad - ow o - ver me hov - er?
Dark clouds have ev - er sil - ver - y li - ning,

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Why thus down heart-ed, . . . un - der a frown? . . . .
Soon the bright sun-shine . . . will flood the sky. . . . . .

Rit. Ad lib.

No heart is sad - der . . in maid or lov - er! . . . . .
Look up, 'tis clear - ing! . . no more re-pi - ning, ...

Rit. Ad lib.

Where - fore this an - guish? Why should I lan - guish?
With song and glad - ness Ban - ish thy sad - ness.

Tempo.

Why thus in deep - est e - mo - tion re - pine? . . .
Pour out thy soul in the joys of the day. . . . .

Why flood with sor - row this poor heart of mine, This
Then will thy tears and dis - tress fly a - way, Will

D. S. End.

poor heart of mine? . . .
all fly a - way. . . .

(*Exit Pauline.*)

End, after 2d verse.

In No. 13. The Grenadiers should enter marching, at the 2d measure; march to the front of platform and remain standing to sing. The entire Chorus should form a semi-circle around the outskirts of the stage.

No. 13. THE GRENADIERS.

Met. ♩= 69.

tr tr

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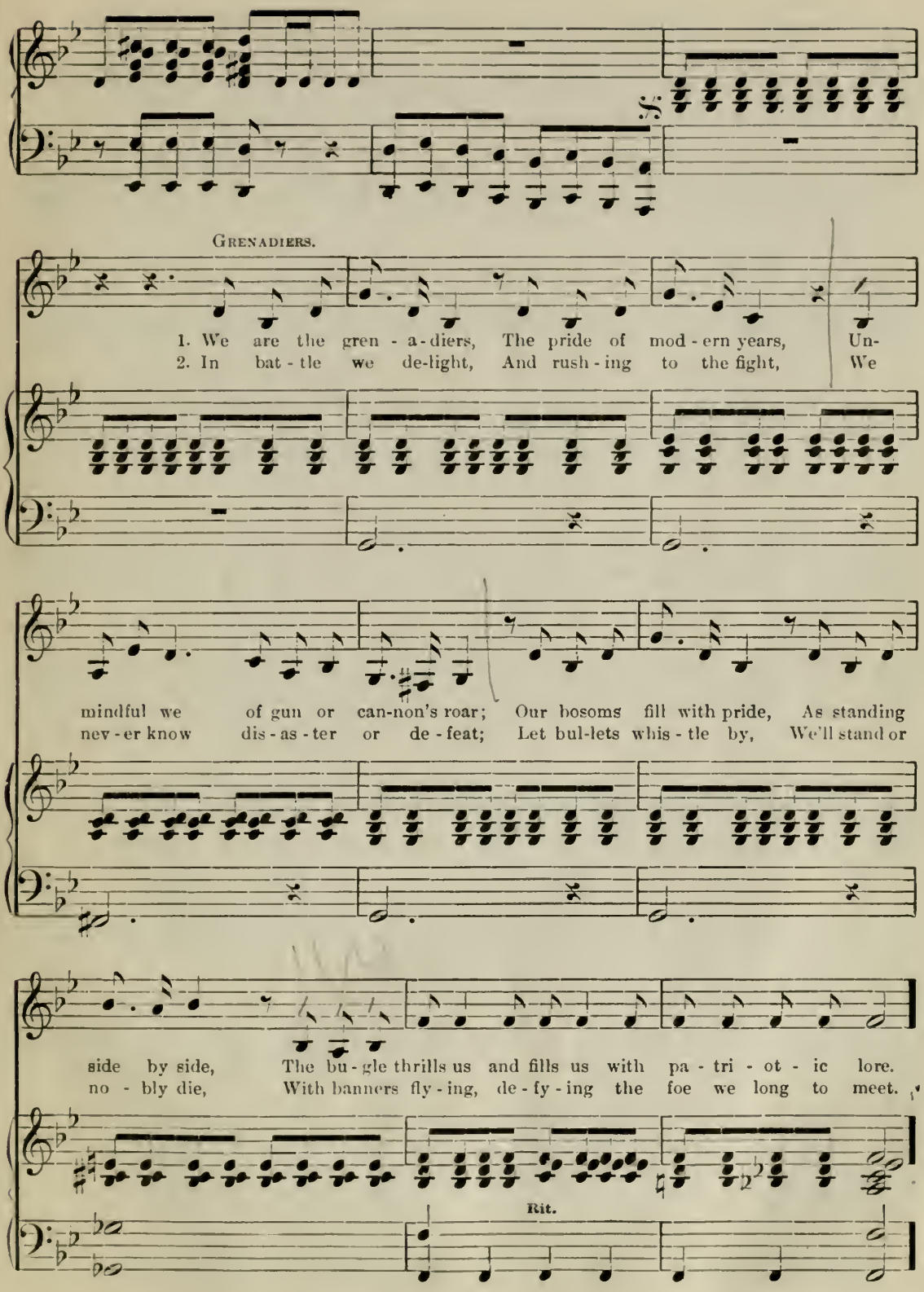
GRENADIERS.
1. We are the gren - a - diers, The pride of mod - ern years, Un-
2. In bat - tle we de-light, And rush - ing to the fight, We
mindful we of gun or can-non's roar; Our bosoms fill with pride, As standing
nev - er know dis - as - ter or de - feat; Let bul-lets whis - tle by, We'll stand or
side by side, The bu - gle thrills us and fills us with pa - tri - ot - ic lore.
no - bly die, With banners fly - ing, de - fy - ing the foe we long to meet.
Rit.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry of the na-tion, Your re-spect - ed sta-tion Is of high de-gree,

O - ver land and sea. Col - ors fly - ing,

Foes de - fy - ing, March the way to glo - ry, Tho' the path be go - ry,

Hon - or un - to thee, sons of loy - al - ty, Proud - ly march a - way!

D. S.

Hon - or un - to thee, sons of loy - al - ty, Proud - ly march a - way.

(The Grenadiers should sing the second verse promptly after D. S. If a march movement is desirable, this may be indulged in if stage space permits. At the close of No. 13 pianist go immediately to No. 14, and Naine enter bearing a flag, and wearing patriotic costume. The Grenadiers may, or may not remain upon the stage, at the will of the conductor.

No. 14. THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Met. ♩=96.

tr

(*Soloist enter.*)

NAINE.

1. When broods the dove of peace o'er ev - 'ry land, And na-tions grasp each oth - er
2. When war's red hand of carn - age reach - es out, And when is heard on land and

by the hand In per-fect love and fel - lowship, without de-ceit, And in - ter-
sea the shout Of bat-tles ra - ging, and of can-non's aw - ful roar, Dis-pensing

course is ev -'rywhere com - plete. The dear old flag our fa - thers
pain and death on ev - 'ry hand. The dear old flag our fa - thers

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died to save, In hon-or and re - spect a - bove shall wave, The emblem of the

free-dom we'll sur-ren - der nev - er; Then all hon-or to the stars and stripes forev - er.

CHORUS.

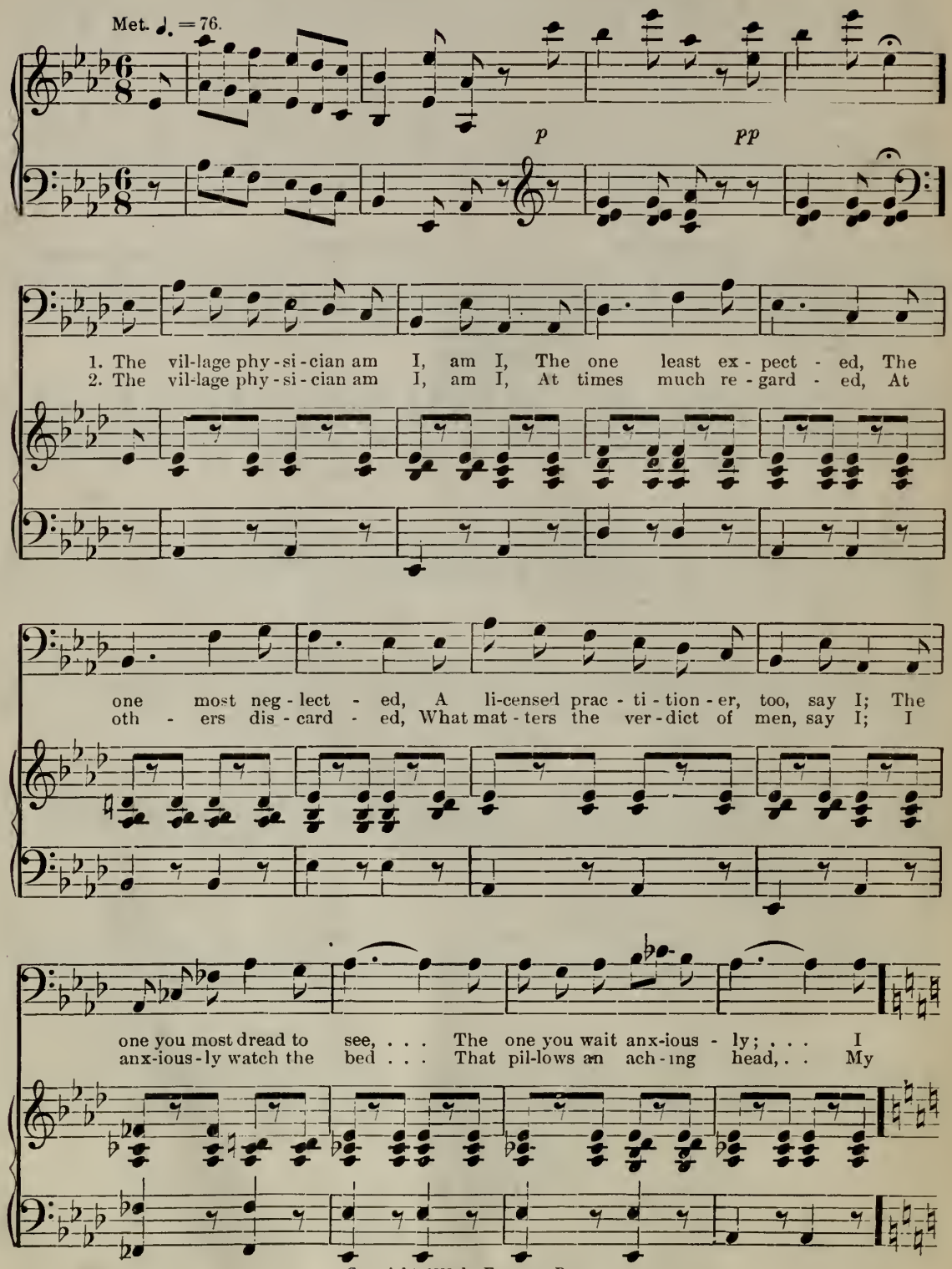
The stars and stripes for - ev - er, shout the sto - ry, And in its

cause we'll march the pathway go - ry, Our lives a sac - ri - fice to save "old

glo - ry," All hon-or to the stars and stripes forev - erl

(All exit. Village Physician enter, carrying his case, etc)

No. 15. THE VILLAGE PHYSICIAN.



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Met. ♩. = 63.

treat the ills of man and maid, A foe to all dis - ease; . . . . And
mis - sion in this world must be A sym - pa - thet - ic one, ... Or-

tho' sometimes I'm poor - ly paid, And slan-dered, if you please,— My
dained and placed by high de - cree, My du - ty must be done; Tho'

pow - ders, pills and an - ti-dotes, Are sought for far and wide, ... And
great may be the sac - ri - fice, And hard the du - ty, too, ... What

Rit. A tempo.

tho' de - spised by health and strength, In sick - ness I'm their pride. . . . For the
e'er it be I'll pay the price, And to the end be true. . . . . For the

Met. ♩. = 76.

vil-lage phy-si-cian am I, am I, I go where they call me, To

blame or ex-tol me; My call-ing is no-ble, hu-mane and grand, The

rich-est has need of me, ... I an-swer the poor man's plea, . . . The

Rit.

high and low wher-ev-er I go, A wel-come give to "Saw-bones."

PHYSICIAN.—(*reflecting*) Ah, yes! a village physician, that's all. I must be in the sick-room, at the hospital, or on the road at all hours of the day and night, with never an hour to call my own. I was just congratulating myself that I was to have one happy day with the dearest girl in all the world, when here comes a call to go to that poor woman on the hill, whose suffering originates more from the heart than from bodily disease. Poor woman, I must hurry on. Ah! as I live, here comes Chickie, the only, from one direction and the Professor from the opposite. This is no place for the village physician. (*Physician exit. Professor enters, absorbed in thought, and is met by Chickie from the opposite*).

CHICKIE.—My dear Professor! I am indeed the happiest of maidens for this fortunate meeting just at this moment when I am so sadly in need of comfort (*languidly*). I am all worn and weary with the enjoyments of the day, and fain would rest me. I have sought everywhere, but vainly, for a quiet spot and congenial company, yet now, I am inexpressibly happy to say, I have found all my heart's desire. (*Courtesy*).

PROFESSOR.—Was you speaking to me, Madam? Oh—ah—beg your pardon. I am very, very sorry for you. No! no! delighted, delighted that you have been so lonesome; no, not lonesome. I am sorry you have found the spot at last, for I assure you I am the unhappiest of men at this moment, confronted as I am by so serious a problem. Dear, dear, what *am* I talking about?

CHICKIE.—Me, of course, dear, dear Professor!

PROFESSOR.—(*aside, nervously*) Am I dreaming, or are my senses failing me at last, at last.

CHICKIE.—Oh, my dear, dear Professor, will you do me a very, very great favor?

PROFESSOR.—(*briskly*) Gladly, madam, gladly. (*Aside*). Anything.

CHICKIE.—Dear, dear Professor, you are altogether too kind, but it is simply this: I have a beautiful duet (*producing the sheet*) that I wish you to sing with me.

PROFESSOR.—Sing, madam! I never was guilty.

CHICKIE.—But I will teach you. It is so sentimental, pathetic ——.

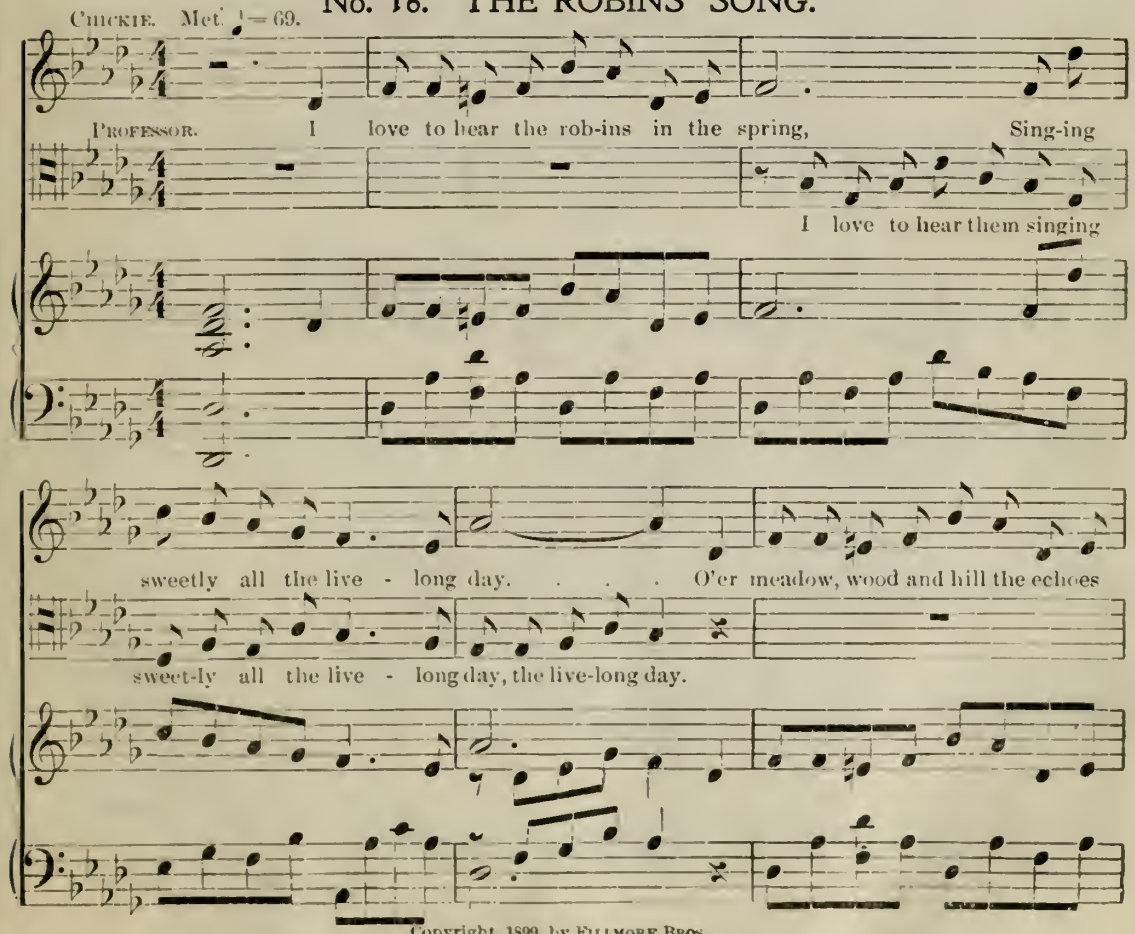
PROFESSOR.—Madam, I am an unprotected, unsophisticated Professor in the college at L——, with a reputation to sustain. I must stand or fall by my conduct. What if Faber should overhear my attempt at singing, and boldly accuse me?

CHICKIE.—Dear, dear Professor, Faber is quite busily engaged, and has long ago forgotten the existence of one so noble as yourself. Come, just try this ——.

PROFESSOR.—Pray, excuse me, madam. I really cannot ——.

CHICKIE.—(*authoritatively, stamping her foot*) You shall! Sir, follow me.

No. 16. THE ROBINS' SONG.



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ring . . . As they car - ol forth their merry lay. They waken hap - py

The ech-oes, ring, ring As they car - ol forth their merry lay.

dreams that fill my heart with strange de-light, They sweetly tell of love, the soul's de-

They fill my heart with a strange delight, They tell of love, the soul's de-

sire, I hear them in my dreams at night, . . . Nor will they

sire, I hear them in my dreams, my dreams at night, Nor will they

from my heart re - tire.

from my heart re - tire. But what is this strange fan - cy that I

'Tis not a fan - cy! for, like waves, I feel it o'er me roll;

feel with-in my soul? It

Ah! yes, but, oh! to me it is the

pen-e-trates, it des-e-crates, it des - o-lates, destroys!

sweetest of my joys. Ah! Ah! With

It flows supremely, and fills se - rene-ly, With

bliss and joy un - re - al - ized be-fore! I scarce conceive it,— I

bliss and joy un - re - al - ized be-fore! Ah!

Rit.

would be-lieve it, ah! It grows, and grows, and thrills me more and more.

Ah! It grows, and grows, and thrills me more and more.

Rit.

Allegretto. Met. ♩ = 92.

Mer - ry, mer - ry rob - ins, hap - py, hap - py rob - ins, Sing a - way, glad and gay,

You're not happier than we. Merry, merry robins, happy, happy robins,

8va.

Sing a - way, glad and gay, You're not happi-er, not happi-er than we, than we,

8va

(Faber enters unnoticed by the Professor and Chickie.)

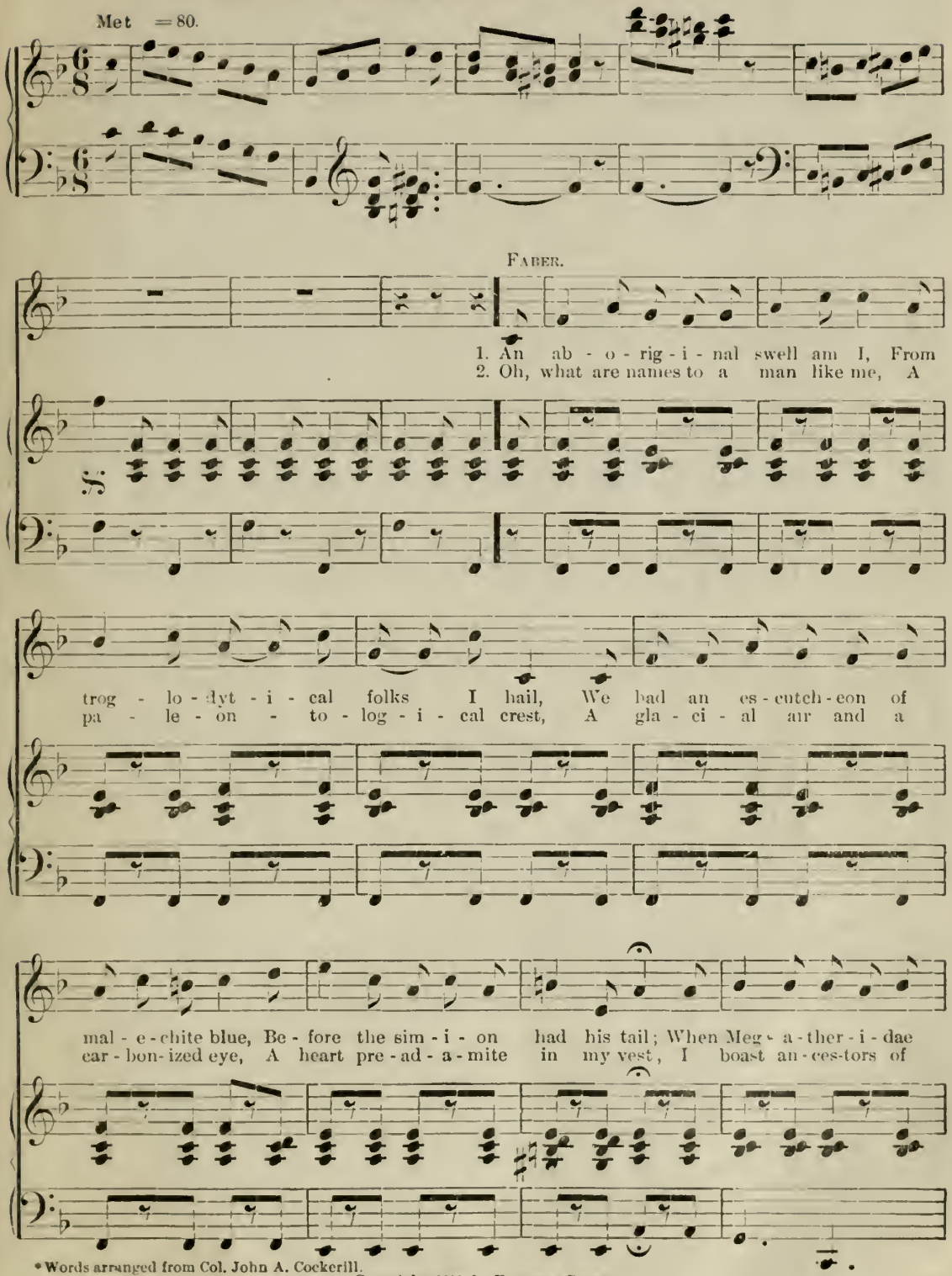
(Faber should sing promptly, and Professor and Chickie beat a hasty retreat.)

FABER. **Tempo ad lib.**

The Pro - fes - sor, as I'm a - live! And mak - ing love! Yes, mak - ing

love like a school - boy! (*Laughs.*)

No. 17. THE ABORIGINAL SWELL.*



*Words arranged from Col. John A. Cockerill.

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still were pups, And Ich - thy - o - sau - ri - a swam the main; My
high de - gree, De - scend - ed from rare pre - his - tor - ic men; Oh,

fore - fathers squatted in gild - ed caves,—They toiled for bood - le nor spun for gain.
where were the pa-tri-archs, bold and brave, And where the proph-ets and he - roes then?

REFRAIN.

Ho - key, po - key, wink - ey - well, I'm the ab - o - rig - i - nal swell,

Ad lib. D. S.

Ho - key, po - key, wink - ey - well, For I'm the ab - o - rig - i - nal swell.

(Play last eight measures for Interlude, a tempo.)

(Cullie enters at second stanza, observes, mocks and ridicules Faber, unnoticed by him until his song is done and she speaks.

CULLIE.—There is n't a doubt about it in my mind.

FABER.—(*startled but not flustrated; bowing*) I take off my hat to such intellect as yours. A better balanced head than yours never crowned the shoulders of a beautiful girl; a pair of brighter eyes never cast the halo of sweet contentment over the pathway of ——.

CULLIE.—(*interrupting*) There! there! that will do for an aboriginal swell, or any other kind of a swell, for that matter. Say, young man, are you subject to or susceptible to fits?

FABER.—Subject to fits! I do n't understand you.

CULLIE.—Well, you will understand me sooner or later, unless you mend your ways about here. You think you're the whole thing, and that we, who have lived here all our lives, look upon you as a *wonderful* fellow. Say, you never were so mistaken in your life.

SHADY.—(*enters excitedly*) Oh, Mars. Faber! I done searched ebrywhere fer dat Perfesso', and I 'clar to gracious I can't dislocate 'im anywhar about dese yere premises. He mus' a got swiped by de torpedoes what toted off his belongin's. Don' kill me (*falls on his knees*) kase I 's a good nigga', and I done my duty by yo' all ——.

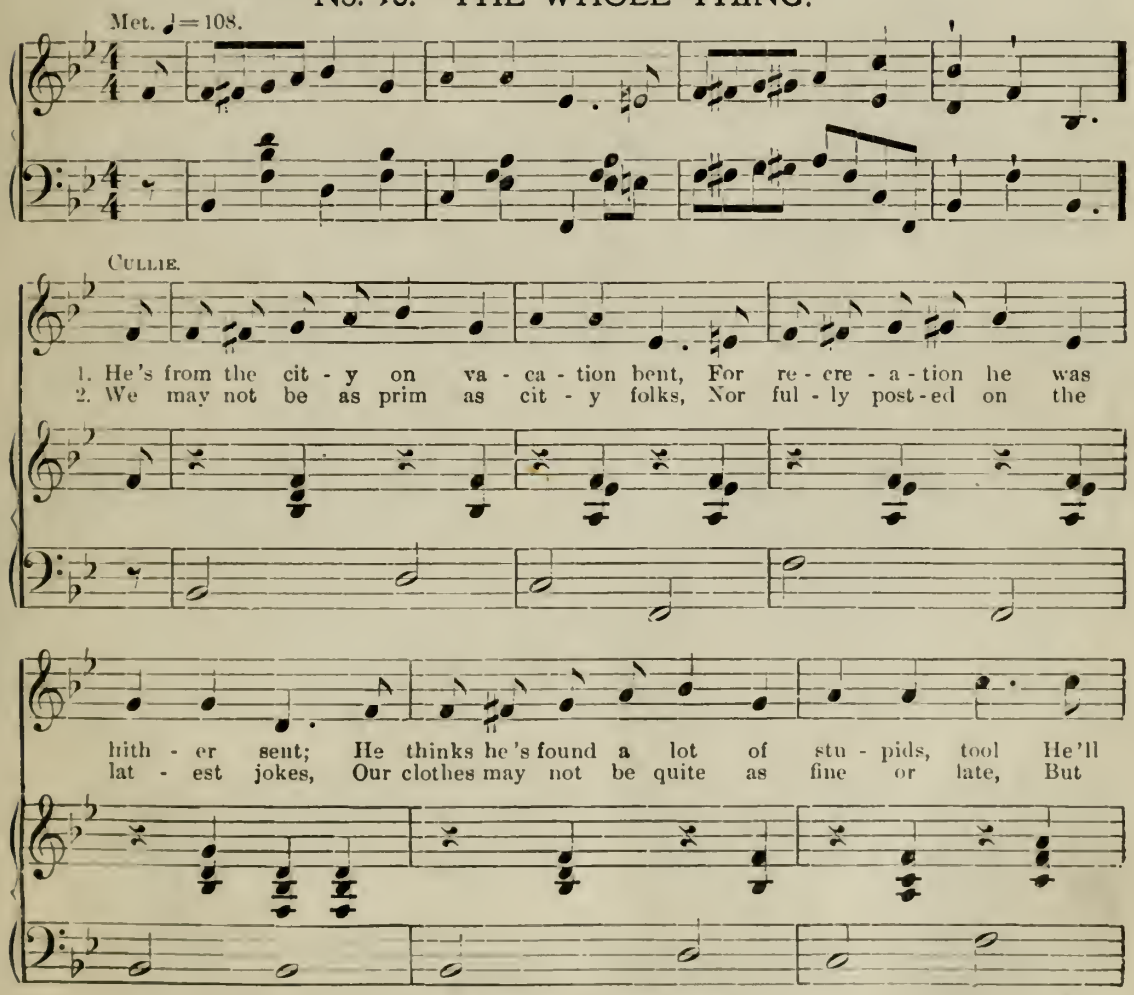
CULLIE.—Shady! will you hush? Get up! listen. (*The noise of the approaching picnickers is heard*). It 's the picnic party coming in for lunch. Oh, how nice they look; and, best of all, Ruben is coming, too. I told him to be here. (*Ruben enters*). Oh, Ruben! I 'm so glad you 've come. Mr. Faber; my friend, Mr. Ruben. (*They gree' each other*).

FABER.—And now, with your permission, I will go in search of the Professor, who is, I fear, in serious trouble. Come, Shady. (*Exit*).

RUBEN.—What a queer fellow that is. What is he, Cullie?

CULLIE.—That? Ha! ha! Why, he 's the whole thing about here—so he thinks. But let *me* tell you what he is. (*Sings No. 17; the full chorus enter at the refrain and sing the chorus parts*).

No. 18. THE WHOLE THING.



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Met. ♩. = 66.

REFRAIN.

find he's much mis - tak - en ere he's thro'. He thinks he is the
for the fin - ish of this dra - ma, wait.

whole thing, And it must be con - sol - ing;

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

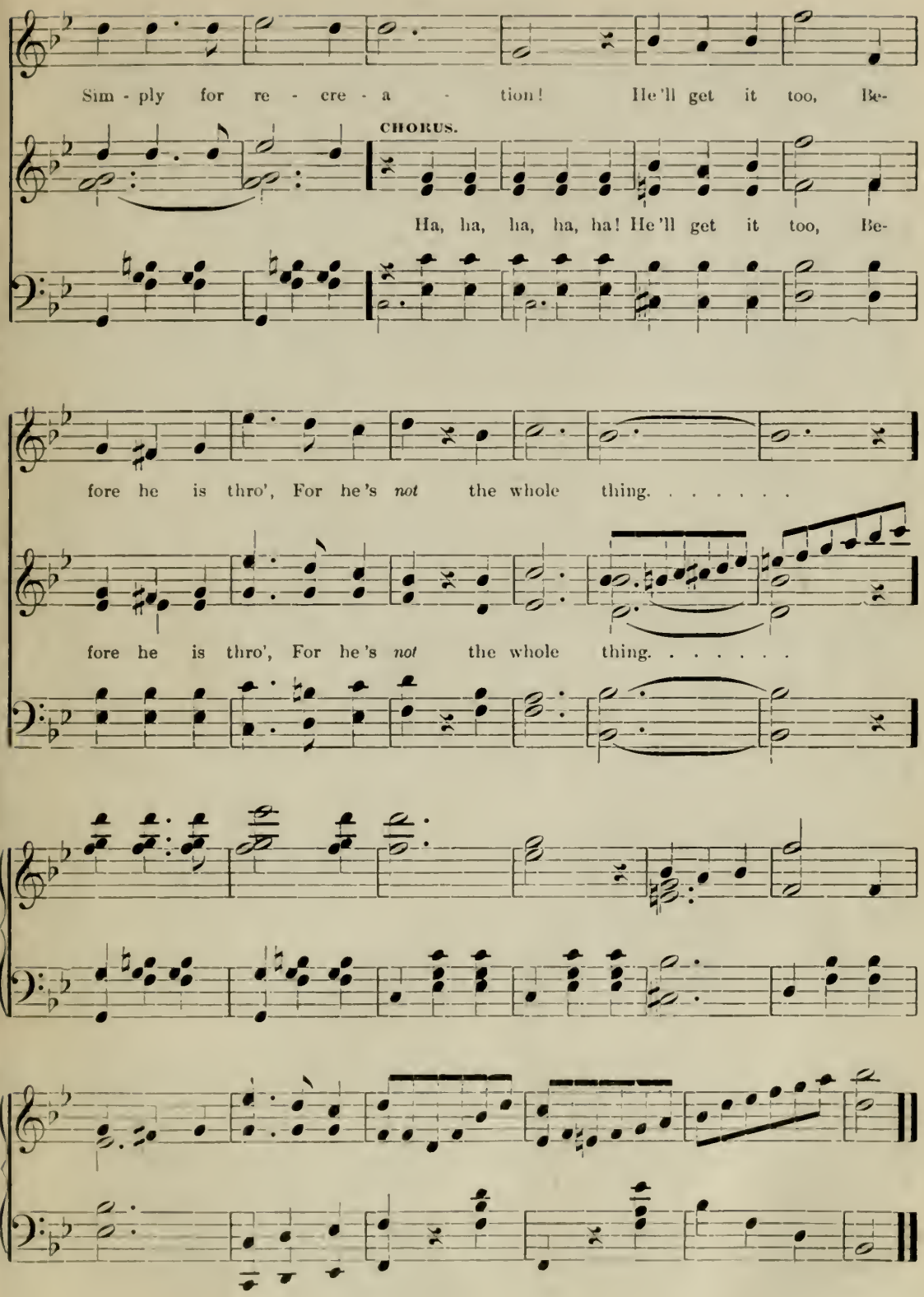
CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

He's from the cit - y, so jaunt - y and wit - ty, A song with *e - clat* he can

sing. . . . . He's on a short va - ca - tion,

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

CHORUS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!


Sim - ply for re - cre - a - tion! He'll get it too, Be-
CHORUS.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! He'll get it too, Be-
fore he is thro', For he's *not* the whole thing. . . . . .
fore he is thro', For he's *not* the whole thing. . . . . .

No. 19. WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG.

Met. ♩. =92.

FULL CHORUS.

Joy! joy! joy! . . We are mer - ry and hap - py and gay, Joy! joy!
Ha! ha!

joy! . . . We are mer-ry and hap-py to - day! Light is the
Ha! ha!

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Mer - ri - ly,
heart that sings, Gay as a bird on wings,

cheer - i - ly pass - es the time a - way, This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hol - i - day, With
Pass - es the time a - way, This love - ly hol - i - day, With

mu - sic, sing - ing, Laugh - ter all day
sweet mu-sic and song, Laughter and mirth all the day long, all the day

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long, so mer-ri - ly all day long Tra, la, la, la, la.
Light is the heart that

la, la. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Mer - ri - ly, cheer-i - ly pass-es the
sings, Gay as a bird on wings, Pass - es the

time a - way, This beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hol - i - day, This beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
time a - way, This love - ly hol - i - day,

hol - i - day, this hol - i - day, So hap - py we
Hap-py are we, jol - ly and

Tempo ad lib.

so glad and free! Beware! be-ware! be - ware! take care!
free, Sor - row and care,— be - ware! . . . . . .

A tempo.

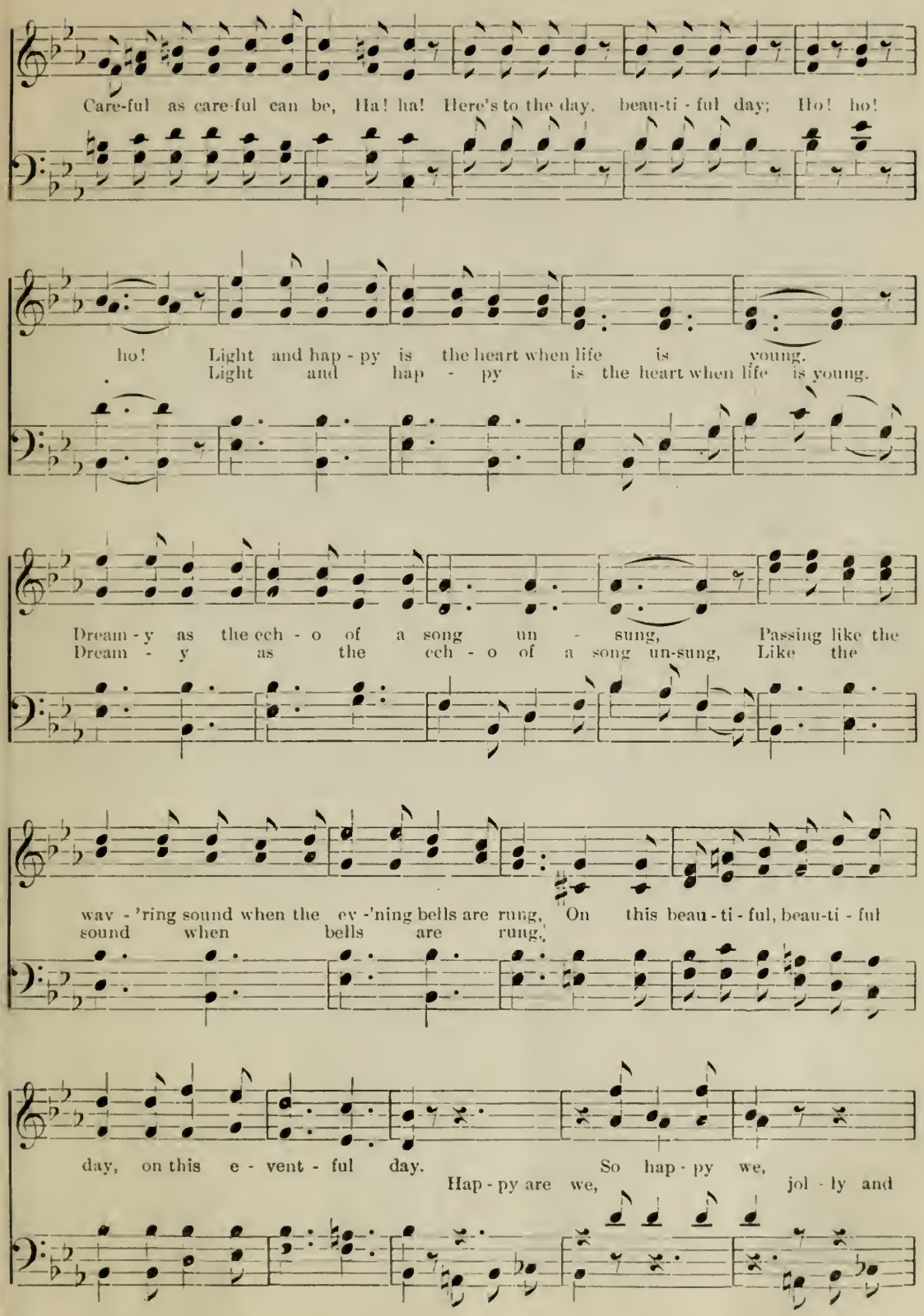
Light and hap - py is the heart when life is young;
Light and hap - py is the heart when life is young;

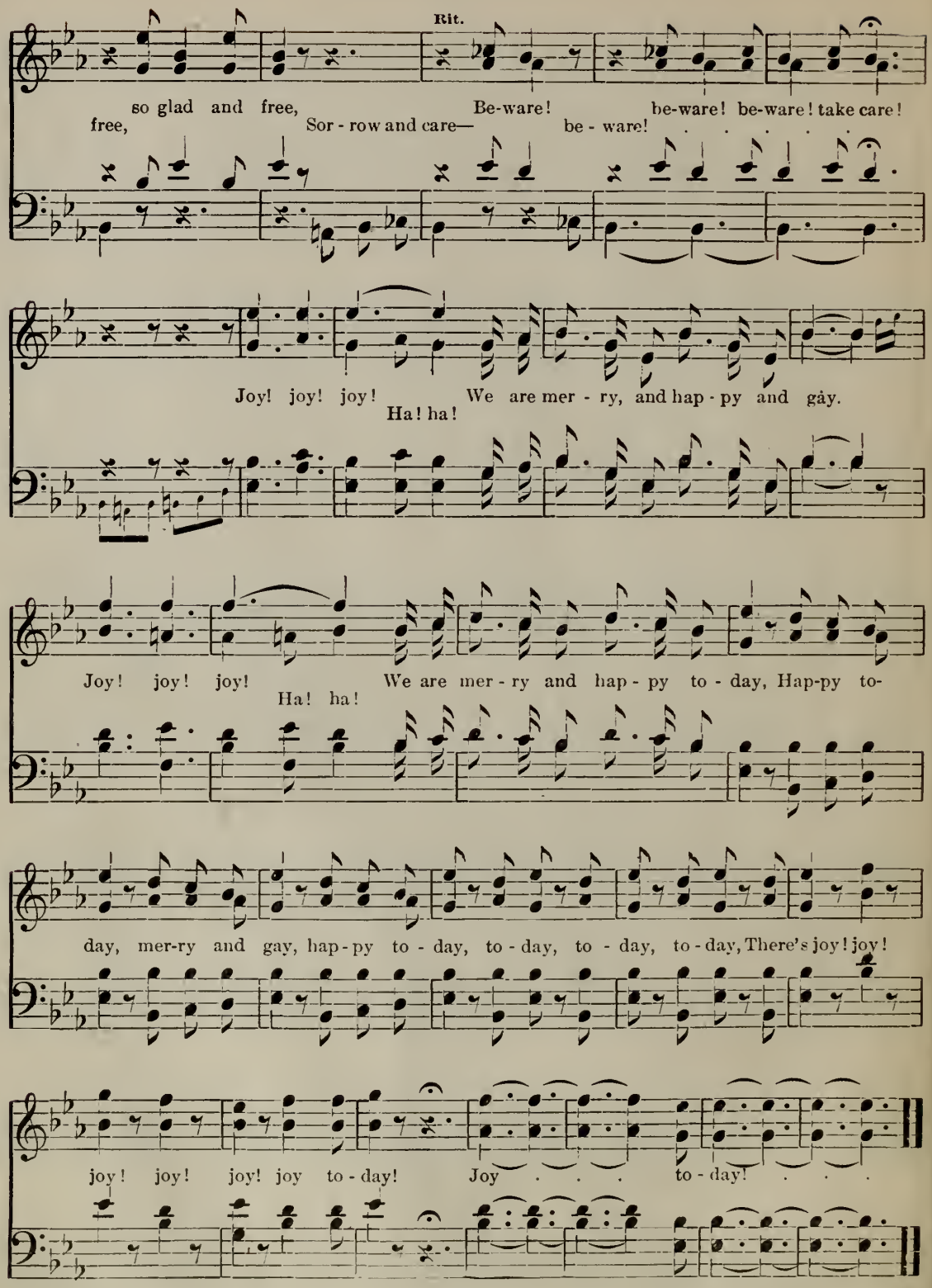
Dream - y as the ech - o of a song un - sung! Pass - ing like the
Dream - y as the ech - o of a song un-sung, Like the

wav-'ring sound when the ev'ning bells are rung, Let us be mer - ry, mer - ry,
sound when bells are rung,

Let us be mer - ry to - day! Sly are the glances a - round we see,

Cu - pid is bus - y as he can be! Careful are we, care-ful are we,


Care-ful as care-ful can be, Ha! ha! Here's to the day, beau-ti-ful day; Ho! ho!
ho! Light and hap-py is the heart when life is young.
Light and hap-py is the heart when life is young.
Dream-y as the ech-o of a song un-sung, Passing like the
Dream-y as the ech-o of a song un-sung, Like the
wav-'ring sound when the ev-'ning bells are rung, On this beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
sound when bells are rung,
day, on this e-vent-ful day. So hap-py we,
Hap-py are we, jol-ly and


Rit.
so glad and free, Be-ware! be-ware! be-ware! take care!
free, Sor - row and care— be - ware!
Joy! joy! joy! We are mer - ry, and hap - py and gay.
Ha! ha!
Joy! joy! joy! We are mer - ry and hap - py to - day, Hap-py to-
Ha! ha!
day, mer-ry and gay, hap - py to - day, to - day, to - day, to - day, There's joy! joy!
joy! joy! joy! joy to - day! Joy . . . to - day! . . .

(*Curtain.*)

Part II.

No. 20. FLOWER SONG.

LADIES' CHORUS.

Met. 𝅗𝅥 = 66.

Wreaths that are beau-ti - ful, gar-lands di- vine, Made from the pret-ty wild

flow - ers. Pos - ies well worth- y a Queen we en - twine, Gath - ered from

fair - y - like bow - ers. Ros - es of fra - grance that bur - den the air,

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Smi - lax of del - i - cate pat - tern, and rare; I - vys that pa - tient - ly, cau - tious - ly

creep, Ferns from the grot - toes so rock - y and steep.

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . .

Rit.

Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . .

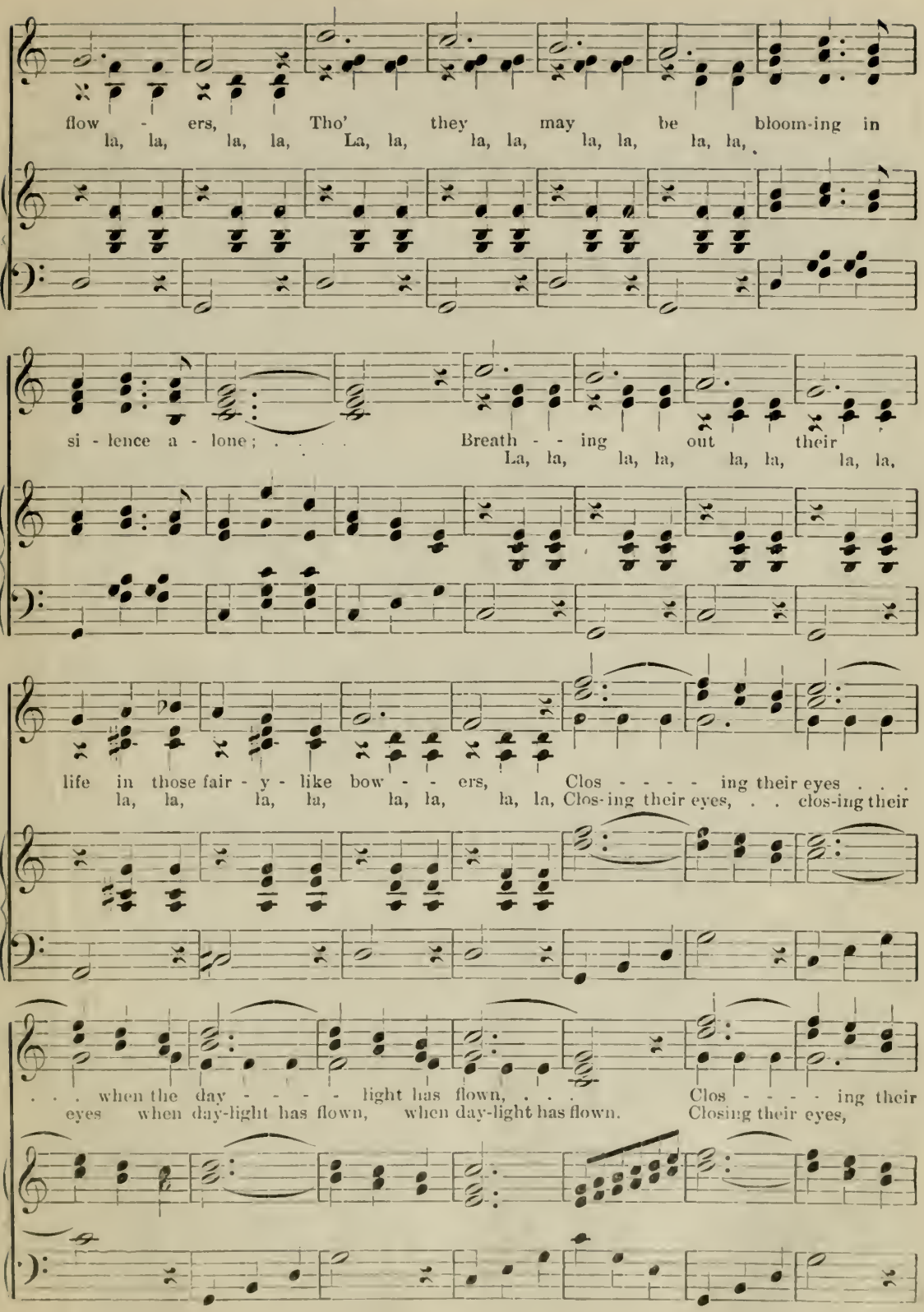
Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . .

Tempo.

Rall - - en - - - - tan - - - do.

What more fair than beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,


flow - ers, Tho' they may be bloom-ing in
la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
si - lence a - lone; . . . . Breath - - ing out their
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
life in those fair - y - like bow - - ers, Clos - - - - ing their eyes . . .
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Clos-ing their eyes, . . clos-ing their
. . . when the day - - - - light has flown, . . . Clos - - - - ing their
eyes when day-light has flown, when day-light has flown. Closing their eyes,

eyes . . when the day - - light has flown. . .
clos-ing their eyes when daylight has flown, has flown. . .

Ah! . . .
Ah! . . .

Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . .
Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . .

Rall - en - - tan - - do. A tempo.

What more fair than beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful flow - ers!
La, la, la, la, la, la la la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Tho' they may be blooming in si - lence a - lone? . .
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Breath - ing out their life in those fai - ry - like bow - ers,
La, la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Clos - - ing their eyes . . when the day - - light has flown;
Clos-ing their eyes, clos-ing their eyes when daylight has flown, has flown;

Clos - - ing their eyes . . when the day - - light has flown. . .
Clos-ing their eyes, clos-ing their eyes when daylight has flown, has flown. . .

(*Enter Pauline.*)

NAINE. (*addressing Pauline.*) Met. ♩. = 52.

Pau - line, please tell us What saith the rose; . .

Read from the pet - als all they dis - close. . .

No. 21. THE FLOWERS' SECRET.

PAULINE. Met. ♩. = 52.

1. How shall I tell you tru - ly? Cup-id is quite un ru - ly;
2. "One I love" goes the fa - ble; Two love I—strange I'm a - ble!

Ma - ny a maid-en has sighed in vain, In long-ing the heights to at - tain; . .
Three I love, four I love, so they say, But, five I must cast him a - way. . .

On - ly the red and the Mare - chal Niel rose, Will, in their
Thus they go o - ver and o - ver a - gain, One, two, three,

dis - in - te - gra - - tion, Free - ly, by in - ter - pre-
four, five re - peat - - ing Up to the last one, com-

ta - tion, The se - crets of love dis - close. . . . .
plet - ing The tale that is all in vain. . . . .

(*Sigh.*) (*Sigh.*)

Why, then, in - vest it? . . . . Why, then, re - quest it? . . . .

CHO: Con- fi - den- tial - ly, CHO: Rev - er - en- tial - ly,

Tempt not the fate, ... Lest he should hate, ...

CHO: 'Tis con - di- tion - al, CHO: 'Tis tra - di - tion- al,

Rit. ad lib.

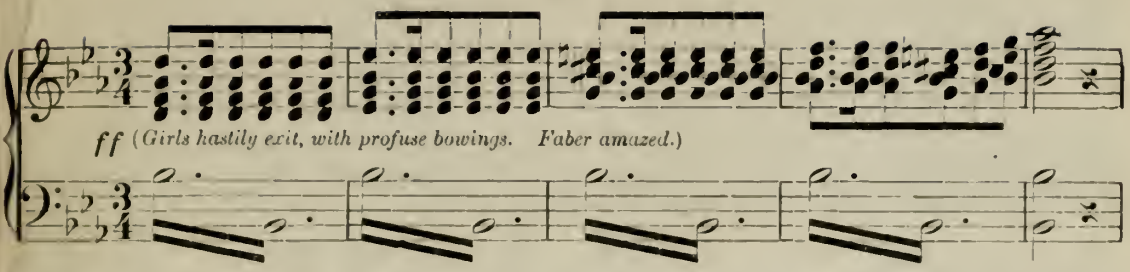
Lest . . . . he con - fuse you, Let . . . . . me re - fuse you.

CHO: 'Tis not prob- a - ble, 'Tis not prob- a - ble you will re - fuse.

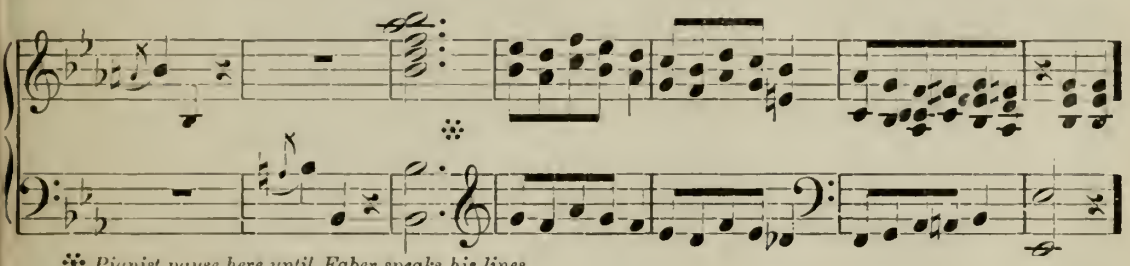
Rit. ad lib.

A tempo. (*Faber enter—last verse.*) D. S. 2d stanza.

No. 22. PAULINE.

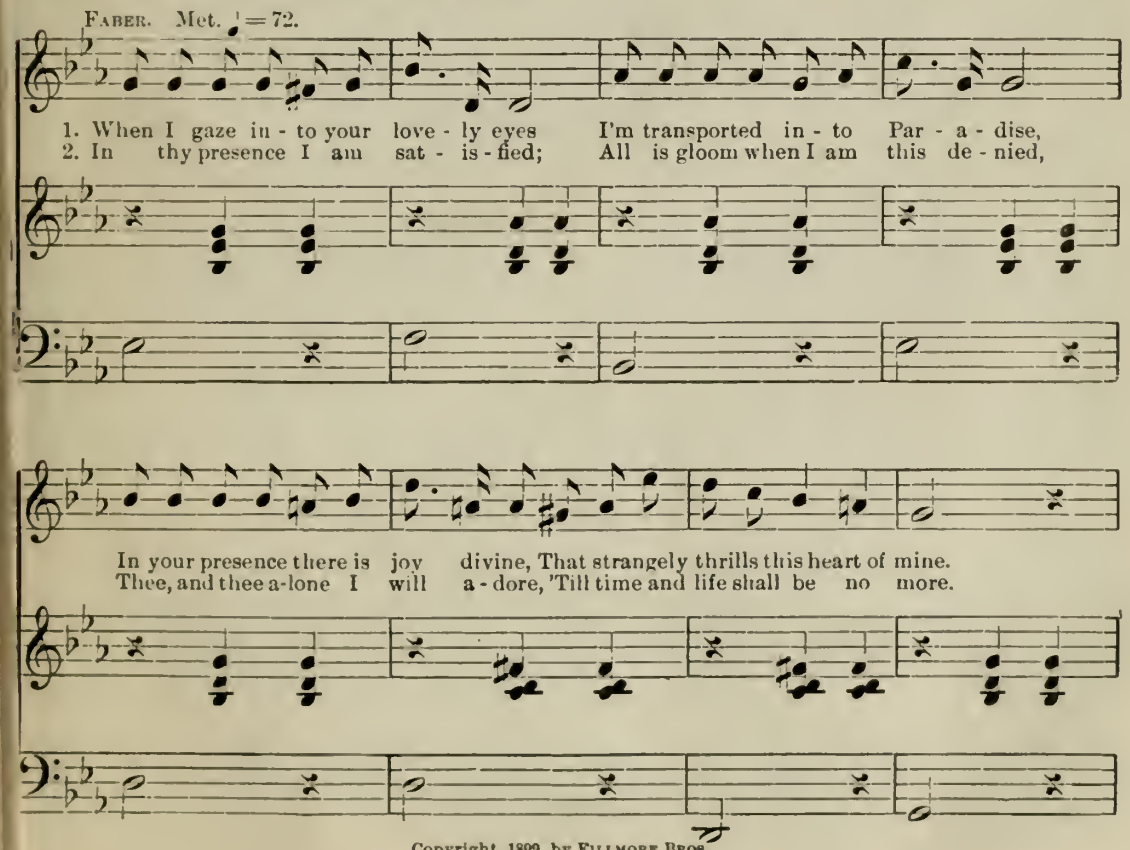


FABER: Well! wouldn't that startle you! what's the matter with those girls, they seem to despise the sight of me: wonder why! am I a fool—or do I act one. I was just on the verge of proposing to that pretty Pauline, and now if she loses me, it's her own fault. She's not used to my kind. How shall I approach her—what shall I say?—Let me see—how would this do:—(*Pianist complete Prelude, and Faber sing.*)



✻ *Pianist pause here until Faber speaks his lines.*

FABER. Met. ♩ = 72.



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Not a lil - y of the field so fair as thou; Of the lov - li - est the Queen;
Now in pit - y look up - on me at thy feet— Make my life a joy se - rene,

Rit.

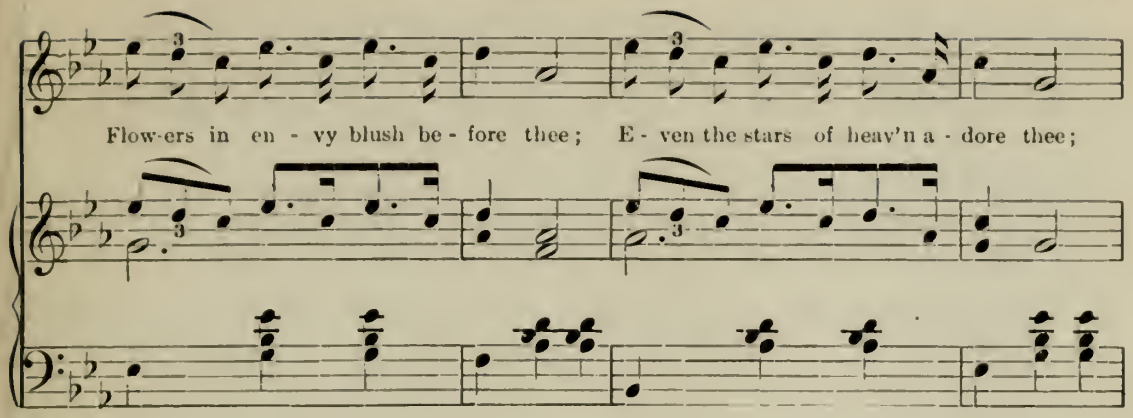
See, an hon-est suit - or at thy feet I bow, Pauline, my own Paul - ine. . .
On - ly speak the word and all will be complete, Pauline, my own Paul - ine. . .

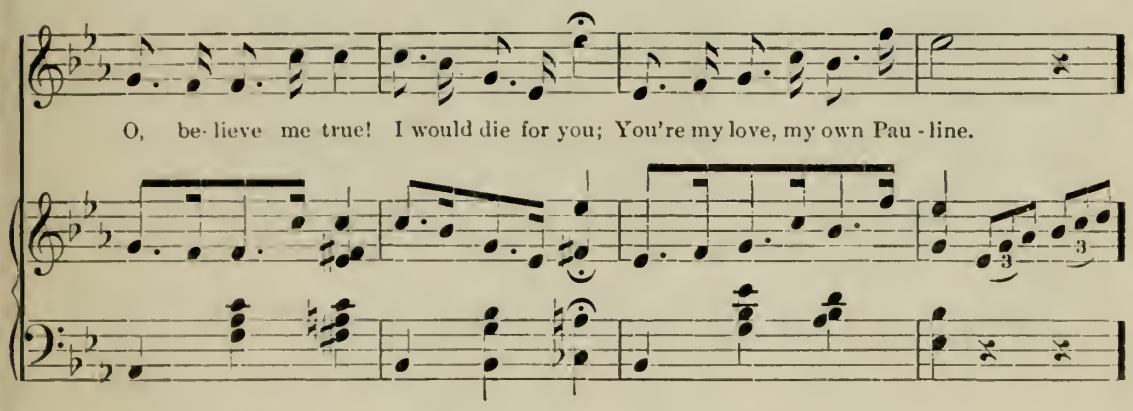
Rit.

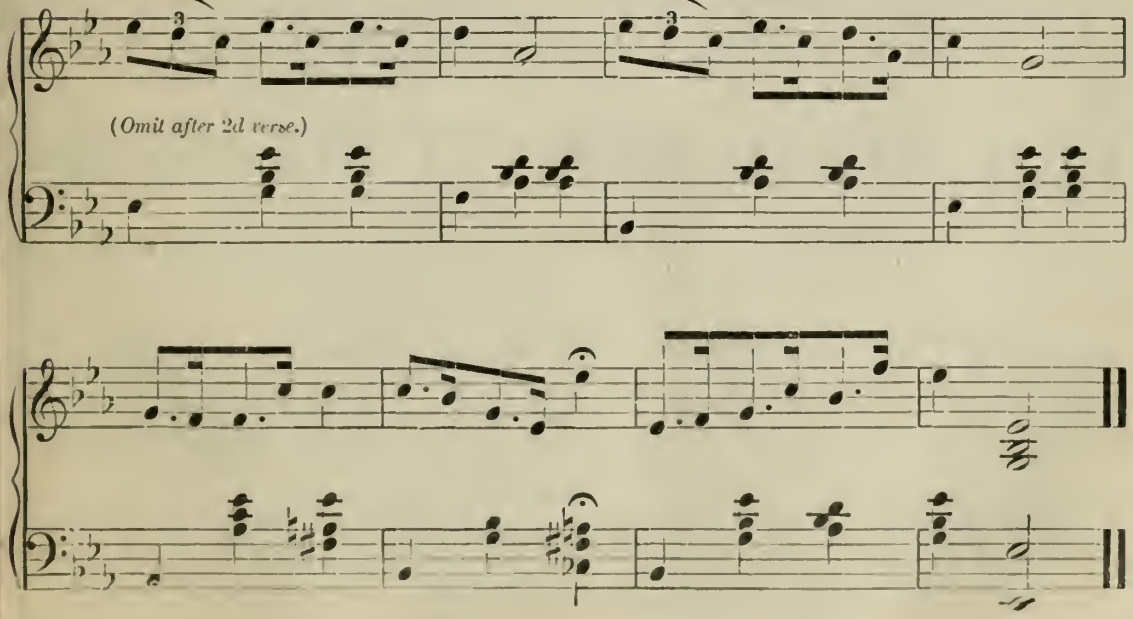
REFRAIN. Met. ♩= 84.

Pret - ty Pauline, I love you dear - ly, Faith-ful - ly, tru - ly and sin-cere - ly;

All the world to me, you would ev - er be, As my i - dol, my Queen;


Flow-ers in en - vy blush be - fore thee; E - ven the stars of heav'n a - dore thee;


O, be-lieve me true! I would die for you; You're my love, my own Pau - line.


(Omit after 2d verse.)

(*Shady enters promptly at the last note of Faber's song, and, in an excited, happy tone of voice, speaks his lines, unconscious of the presence of Faber, who is very much surprised at the interruption*).

SHADY.—Why, how d' yo' do, Uncle Rastus! Wha' d' yo' come from anyhow? And Aunt Jane! Well, granpa, is dis you? An' Sister Lou, or I 'm a poor white trash. Ise so glad to see yo' all—'deed I is, I could jes' drown yo' wid affection. Gi' me dat chile dis minit. Yo' deah little cully-headed pickaninny. Yo' look des like yo' pa, for all de world. Well, I nevah! if Aunt Sallie aint along wid yo' all. Whyfo' did n't you fetch Tildy Anne? She jes' might as well a come as not. Yo' all tell 'er how I hollered 'bout her, shuah! De Lord bless dis sinful ——.

FABER (*interrupting*).—Say, you wall-eyed African, what's the matter with you; have you gone daffy?

SHADY (*apologetically*)—'Deed, Mass Faber, Ise all right, sah, but Ise so homesick, and Ise pretendin' dat a few of my kin folks done come to visit me. I jus' had to do it, sah, or drap right down an' boo-hoo, sah. I hope you'll not draw dat hoss-pistol on me dis time, sah, fer Ise a honest col'ed person, sah; deed I is, sah!

FABER.—Well, Shady, old boy, never mind; it'll be all right this time; but do n't let it ever happen again, for, under conditions such as obtain at the present, it's dangerous for you to interrupt me when I 'm practicing. Now, listen to me, Shady. There's a messenger boy trying to locate me; he's got a message from the house for me, and I can guess what it is, and do n't want to receive it. You lay for that boy, and kill him on sight. Do you hear—kill him on sight—then get hung for it, and I'll be rid of both of you. I've got business here that's got to be pushed along (*messenger boy enters unnoticed by either*), and I can't be called away.

MESSENGER BOY.—A message for Mr. Faber, sir. (*Both are surprised, and Shady makes a rush for the boy, but is checked by Faber*).

FABER.—Never mind, Shady; he's caught me, fair and square. Here, you evil genius, what have you brought me? (*Faber takes the message, reads it, and begins to whistle. Messenger boy exit*).

SHADY.—Is she done took wid a sickness, sah?

FABER (*saragely*).—She? Who? Go and pack my grip before I murder you for a gibbering idiot.

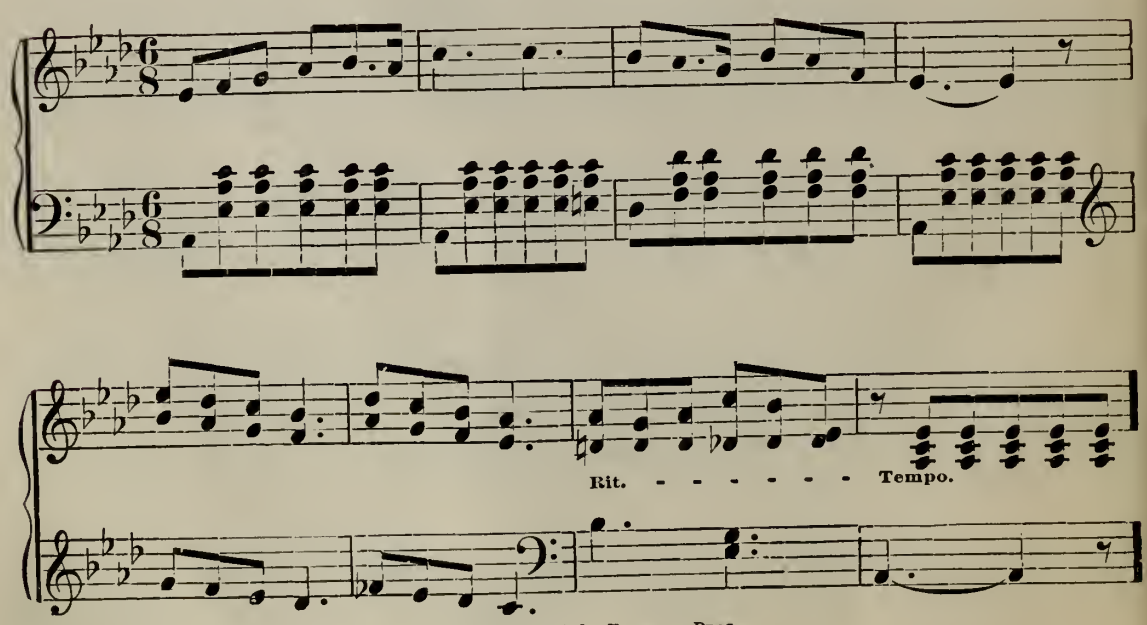
SHADY.—Yes, sah. I hope I ain't offended ——. (*Faber makes a rush for Shady, who hastily leaves the stage*).

FABER (*soliloquizing*).—Well, this *is* a piece of work, sure! I wish those savages would shoot each other, then write it up and forward the full account to me before they die. I suppose I must go. I can't afford to let any man get ahead of me when it comes to news getting. That's of more importance to me than getting married anyhow; especially when there's not much encouragement for a fellow around this camp. Fact is, come to think about it, I guess I'm in the same fix as some others—do n't want to be married—so, here goes for the news. I'll have to kill that nigger yet for laziness. I'm in a hurry. (*Faber exit*). (*Enter mother and child.*)

CHILD.—Oh, mamma, I am *so* tired; can't we stop here and rest?

MOTHER.—Yes, my child, we will rest, for I, too, am exhausted with travel. Here, let me hold you while you take a nap, my poor, poor child. God alone cares for us now.

No. 23. LULLABY.



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MOTHER. Met. ♩. = 48.

1. Rest thee, my dar - ling, and slum - ber, God will take care of His own; . .
2. Left all a - lone in this cold world, None to pro - tect us to - day, ...

E - ven the fall of the spar-row He marks, Nothing to Him is un-known. . . .
Back to the home of my childhood once more, Wea - ri - ly mak-ing our way. . . . .

He, from the sky, watches o'er us, And shall we then be de - nied? . . . .
Sure - ly there's mer- cy in heav - en! God of the fa - ther-less, hear! . . . .

Sure- ly the win-dows will o - pen— Pa-tience! His own time a - bide. . . . .
Speak thro' the shadows that hide Thee, In our dis- tress be Thou near. . . . .

Rit.

REFRAIN.

Go . . . . to sleep, dar - ling, Close . . . . lit - tle eyes. . . .

An - - - - gels are watch - ing thee . . . from the skies. . . . .

CHORUS. (*Invisible.*)

Go . . . . . to sleep, dar - ling, Close . . . . lit - tle eyes, . . .
Go to sleep, dar - ling, Close lit-tle tired eyes, Angels are watch - ing thee from the skies,

Lul-la-

Rit.

An - - - gels are watch - ing thee from the skies. . . . .
Go to sleep, dar - ling, Close lit-tle tired eyes, Watching thee from the skies, lul - la - by.

by, - - - by, - - - by, - - - by,

(*At the close of the invisible chorus, both mother and child should be fast asleep. Uncle Joe enters slowly, leaning upon his cane. He may be singing "Old Black Joe" in the key of D♭, which may be rendered in full, the chorus singing invisible*).

UNCLE JOE.—Yes, sah, ol' Uncle Joe is mighty near de end ob de row, but he 'd jump into de Jordan dis minnit, if he can fin' de young Missy once mo'. Ol' Mrs. done git word dat young Mars was dead, and de young Missy, wid de little chile, am lef' alone in de worl'. I no mo' dan hea' dat, dan I grabs up my

walkin' cane and start out fer to fin' 'er. Many and many's de time I done toted 'er on my back, an' hol' 'er in dese ol' arms an' rock, an' rock, an' rock 'er when she 's no mo' dan knee-high to a duck; den I 'd chune up and sing at 'er 'till she 'd whimple 'erself off to sleep. She love dis ol' nigger, an' he des bleejed to fin' er.

THE MOTHER (*speaking in her sleep*).—Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!

UNCLE JOE.—De angels am a callin' dis ol' man! Is I ready for to go? (*The Mother calls again*). No! dat 's not de angels; it 's de young Missy I 'ear. Yes! yes! Missy, I 's comin', I 's coming to yo'. I 's coming dis minut!

THE MOTHER (*awake*).—Uncle Joe! Am I dreaming, or *is* it you, Uncle Joe?

UNCLE JOE (*on his knees*).—Yes, it 's me, Missy! but is de ol' man done got a conjument? Is yo' libin' or is you dead, Missy? de Lord preserb us!

THE MOTHER.—No, Uncle Joe, it 's me—living—and my boy—see! Oh, Uncle Joe, did you come for us?

UNCLE JOE.—Yes, Missy, I done start out fer to fin' yo' all, an' de good Lord show'd me de way. An' de chile (*takes him up in his arms*)! de Lord sabe us, ef he 's not de spick an' span image of his pa ——. Forgive de ol' fool nigger, Missy, but I done gone plum crazy wid de rattlements; deed I is.

THE MOTHER.—How are the folks at home, Uncle Joe, are they well?

UNCLE JOE.—Yes, Missy, dey'se all well, but poo'ly, poo'ly. Dey'll be pow'ful glad to see yo' all—deed dey will! (*Enter Faber and Shady, prepared for their journey*).

FABER.—If there ever was a nigger that deserved to be boiled alive, you 're the one ——. (*Discovers the lady*). Pardon me, madam, I did n't know ——. (*Shady, with a cry, falls at the feet of Uncle Joe*).

SHADY.—Gran'pap! is dis you?

UNCLE JOE.—Go 'way, chile! Whyfer you call me gran'pap?

SHADY.—Cause yo' *is* my gran'pap. Doan you know yo' own gran'son when you sees 'im?

UNCLE JOE (*after a careful inspection*).—De goodniss and de graeious, if dis yer aint Shady! (*They continue to converse, while the Mother talks*).

THE MOTHER.—If you please, sir, this old man was a servant of our family when I was a child. I have been unfortunate. My husband has died after a long illness among strangers, and all our property was consumed. I was left alone with my child, homeless and friendless. I determined to make my way back to my old home in New York. After bitter struggles I arrived at this place exhausted, and sitting down I fell asleep, and awoke to find this faithful old man before me. He had, child-like, started out to find us, and a kind Providence led him to us; now we can go on, for he can carry the boy, and I shall have no trouble to walk.

FABER.—Walk! My dear madam, do you dream of walking all the way in to New York? What is the matter with a Pullman?

THE LADY.—Oh, sir, I have n't the means; beside, I can walk, and the good Lord will take care of us; he ever has.

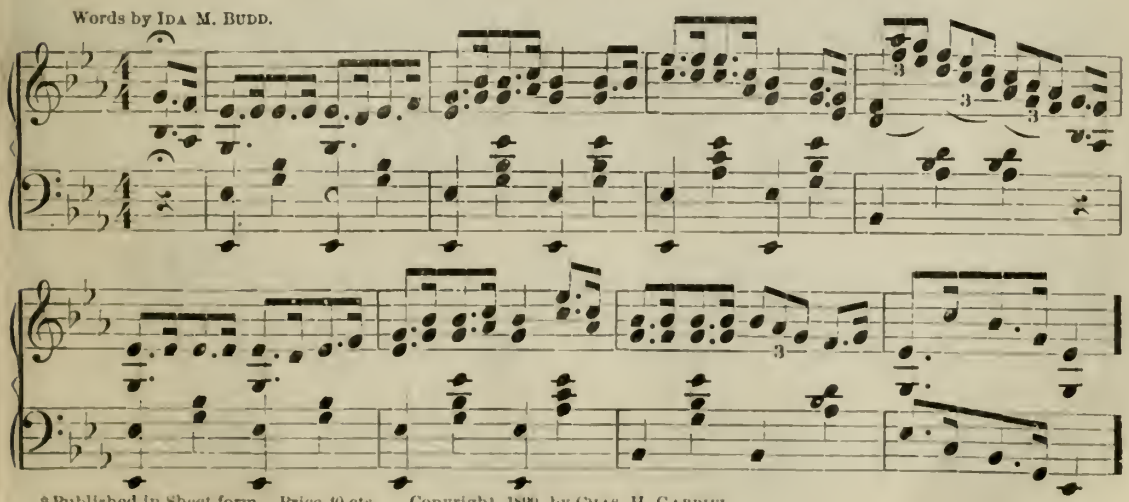
FABER (*wiping his eyes*).—Yes, yes, the Lord always does his part, but He has different ways of doing so. This time He tells me to see that you are well cared for. Ah! here comes the picnickers—and you shall have proper care. (*Chorus enter*).

Ladies (*pause*) and Gents: This poor lady deserves your kindest consideration and attention. She and her child—brave little man—with an old servant, are on their way to New York: they leave on the 10:20 train this evening, and until that time I commend mother and child to your tenderest care, for they have been very unfortunate.

UNCLE JOE.—Yas, sah. I reckon dat 's it, dat 's so, but I tole you dis. I jes' feel it in dese old bones dat it 's all er comin' right by-m-by.

No. 24. IT'S ALL ER COMIN' BY-M-BY.

Words by IDA M. BUDD.



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UNCLE JOE. Met. ♩ = 88.

1. Oh, dar's no use ter wor - ry when de worl's a go - in' wrong, Kase it's
2. T'ings may snarl in de win - din' ob 'em, like a tang - ly skein, But dey's
3. Oh, dar's no use er fish - in' fer to ketch de eas - iest load, Kase it's
4. Den be still ob yo' wor - ry - in', an tote yo' load a - long, Kase it's

all er com - in' right, by - m - by; Doan yo' stop an' go ter sigh - in' an' fo'-
all er com - in' right, by - m - by; For dar's boun' to be a turn-in' some-ers
all er com - in' right, by - m - by; An' dar's ma - ny dis-ap-pint-ments all a-
all er com - in' right, by - m - by; Doan yo' drap a sin - gle note of mu - sic

git yo' lit - tle song, Kase it's all er com - in' right, by - m - by. Ef de
in de long - est lane, An' it's all er com - in' right, by - m - by. Ef dar's
long de dust - y road, But, it's all er com - in' right, by - m - by. W'en yo's
from yo' dai - ly song, Kase it's all er com - in' right, by - m - by. Let de

win' is in de norf when yo' wants it in de souf, Ef yo' t'inks it ort to
folks dat makes er pint to be git - tin out er line, An' a jolt - in up er-
hunt - in' fer de bes', an a search- in' all a - roun', Ef yo' fail to fin' it
bird ob care look out for de wor - ry in her nes'; Doan yo' look at her at

rain, an' der comes a drouf, Keep a hop - in' wid yo' heart, an' keep a
g'nist yo', why, jis doan min', It's er way day hab er do - in, an' yo'
den took de bes' you foun', If yo' could - n' katch er pos - sum, w'y, dar's
all— keep yo' min' at res', For de worl's a need - in' mu - sic, an' yo'

sing - in' wid yo' mouf, Kase it's all er com- in' right, by - m - by. . . . .
got no cause ter whine, Kase it's all er com- in' right, by - m - by. . . . .
coons a hang - in' roun', An' de pos-sum's boun' ter come, by - m - by. . . . .
boun' to do yo' bes' Kase it's all er com- in' right, by - m - by. . . . .

CHORUS.

By - m - by, ... by - m - by, ... Oh, it's all er com - in'
By - m - by, by - m - by,

right, by - m - by, by - m - by, Jes' yo' keep yo' song a ring - in' an' yo'

face a smil - in' bright, Kase it's all er com - in' right by - m - by.

(*Exit Faber, Shady, Uncle Joe, Pauline, Mother and Child.*)

No. 25. HAIL! OUR LANDLORD.

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pp

(*Enter Cassady.*)

CHORUS. Met. ♩. = 96.

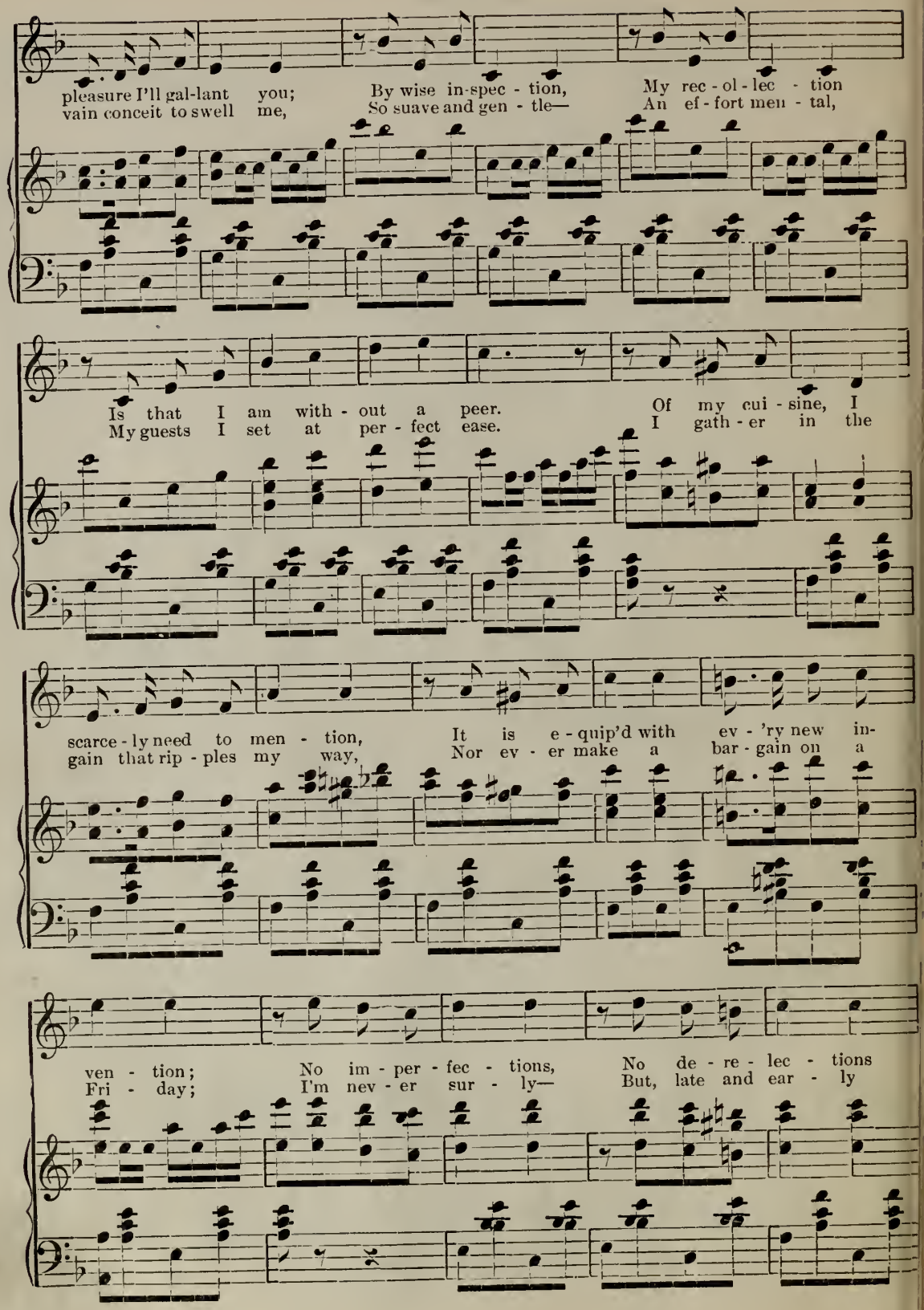
Hail our land - lord, hap - py, gen - ial land - lord! From the sun - rise to the

sun - set not his e - qual can be found. Hail our land-lord, hap - py,

gen - ial land-lord! With the choic-est in the mark - ets do his lard-ers e'er a-bound!

CASSADY.

1. I am the land - lord, proud am I to grant you, A - bout my place with
2. I am con - gen - ial to a T, they tell me; And, not al - low - ing


pleasure I'll gal-lant you; By wise in-spec - tion, My rec - ol - lec - tion
vain conceit to swell me, So suave and gen - tle— An ef - fort men - tal,
Is that I am with - out a peer. Of my cui - sine, I
My guests I set at per - fect ease. I gath - er in the
scarce - ly need to men - tion, It is e - quip'd with ev - 'ry new in-
gain that rip - ples my way, Nor ev - er make a bar - gain on a
ven - tion; No im - per - fec - tions, No de - re - lec - tions
Fri - day; I'm nev - er sur - ly— But, late and ear - ly

D. S.

Are ev - er tol - er - a - ted here. . . . .
My one am - bi - tion is to please. . . . .

CHORUS. After 2d stanza.

Hail our land-lord, hap-py, ge - nial land-lord! From the sun-rise to the sun - set not his

e - qual can be found. Hail our land - lord, hap-py, ge - nial land-lord! May you

live long! May you pros - per! May you nev - er die!

Sing, ev-'ry heart, with gladness! No time for wast-ing on care and sad - ness!
Sing, sing, ev - 'ry heart, with gladness! Waste no time on sad - ness! Love and beauty

We coy - ly meet, And sly - ly greet, Like song re-
meet - ing, Bring each oth - er greet - ing, And like song re - peat - ing,

Rit. A tempo.

peat - ing, sweet - er grow, yes, sweet - er grow! A boon di - vine is free - dom, love and
sweet - er grow, ...

beau - ty, To seek and prize them is our bound - en du - ty; Let care and sor - row

come with the mor - row, No time have we for them to - day; From ro - guish

eyes the light of Cup - id danc - ing, While from his bow full many an ar - row

glanc - ing, In co-pious meas-ure, Af-fords us pleas-ure, As sweet-ly pass the hours a-

Accel.

way, a - way, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way.

No. 26. HIP-HIP, HOO-RAY!

Met. ♩= 108.

RUBEN.

The in - sur - rec-tionists are scattered, Hip-hoo - ray! . . . Their ranks are

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hoo-ray!

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sad - ly scarred and bat - tered, Hip, hoo - ray! . . . . We're rid of them for aye and

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hoo-ray!

ev - er, to a man! . . . . They've found they must n't tri - fle with their Un - cle

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hoo-ray!

Sam! . . . . . Hip, hip, hoo-ray!

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hoo-ray! Beneath "Old Glo-ry" men shall free and e-qual be, ... And fair Co-

Hip, hip, hoo-ray! The Lord of Pa - tri - ots has set the cap-tives

lum-bia be the home of lib-er - ty! . . . . .

free, Hip, hip, hoo - ray for Un - - cle Sam! . . . . . .

CHORUS.

Hip, hip, hoo-ray! hip, hip, hoo-ray, hoo-ray! Hoo - ray! hoo - ray for Un - cle Sam!

ff

The stars and stripes for - ev - er, shout the sto - - ry, And in it's cause we'll

ff Marcia.

march the path- way go - - ry. Our lives a sac - ri - fice with-hold - ing

nev - - er, All hon - or to the stars and stripes for - ev - er.

Repeat accomp. to 8 measures for exit.

All exit.

No. 27. THE DISCOMFITED BUMS.

(Bums enter.)

(Until ready to sing.)

UNISON. Met. ♩= 84.

1. Care - ful step lest we should here dis - cov - ered be. Hist! what's that?
2. Off to parts un - known a - way me - an - der-ing. Hist! what's that?

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BORROW—ONLY.

Cas - sa - dy's cat!
Cas - sa - dy's cat!

8va.

Swipe for life, for 'tis our op - por - tu - ni - ty! Sh! what's up?
Here we're nev - er safe from i - dle slan - der - ing, Sh! what's up?

SORROW, ONLY.

Cas - sa - dy's pup!
Cas - sa - dy's pup!

tr

BORROW. MORROW. BORROW. SORROW. TRIO.*

If de - tect - ed— Name-less! We're e - lect - ed, Blame-less! Then be - ware! dis-
Much dis - gust - ed— Name-less! Oft - en bust - ed, Blame-less!

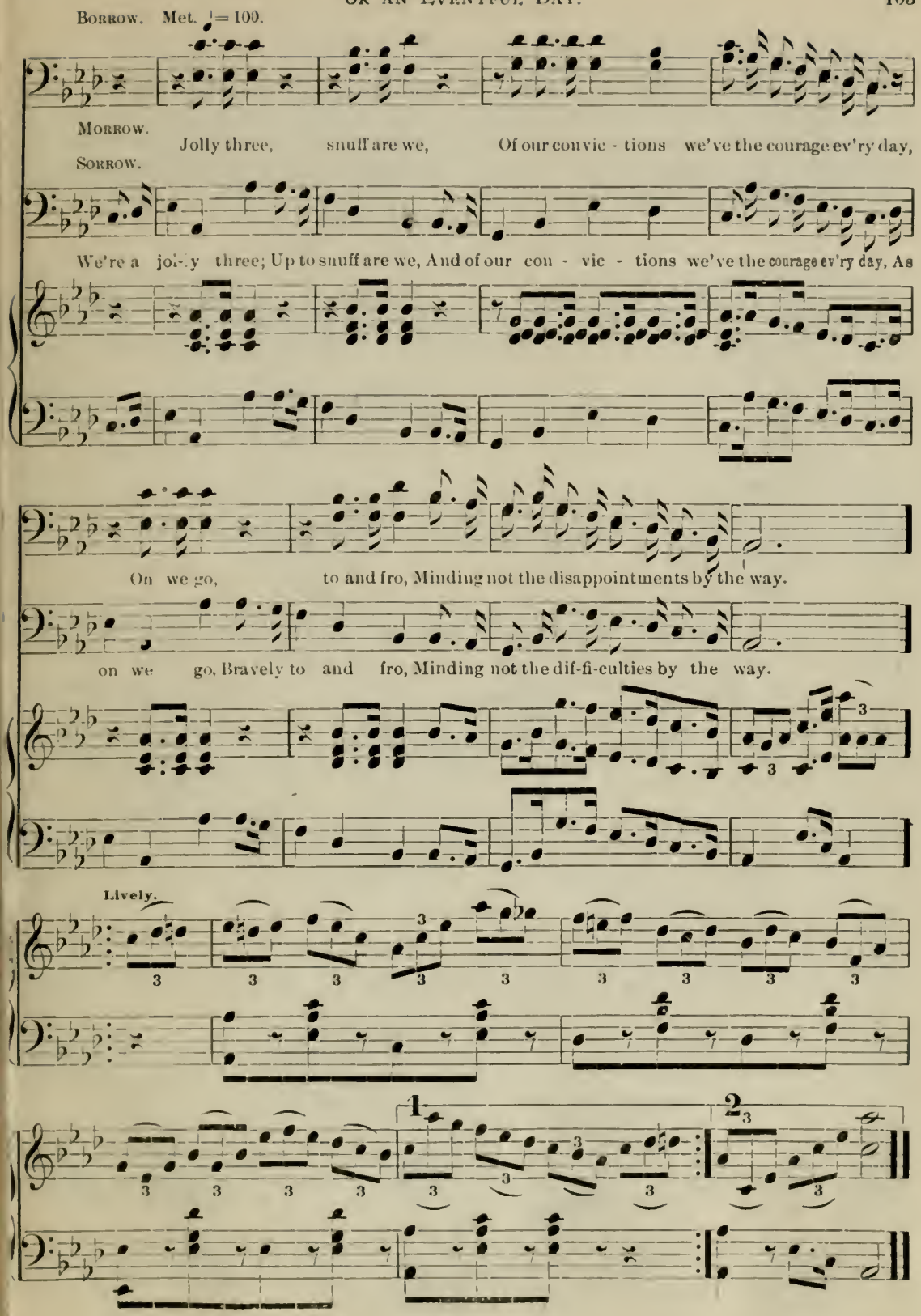
* Borrow sing the highest part, Morrow the next, Sorrow the lowest.

port your-self with care. Nothing would pre-serve us, Should they once observe us,
Lord pre - serve us, Should they ob - serve us,

Shoulder close to shoulder stand! Ev'ry thing's at our command! We're the bum bums of the land, Bum, bum, bum!
Left! right! left! right! Left! right! left! right! Bum bums of the land, Bum, bum, bum!

We can be, as you see, Lame, at will; As we go or be ro - Bust, or ill.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Oh, we are a jol - ly lot of three bum bums.


BORROW. Met. ♩= 100.
MORROW.
SORROW.
Jolly three, snuff are we, Of our convic - tions we've the courage ev'ry day,
We're a jolly three; Up to snuff are we, And of our con - vic - tions we've the courage ev'ry day, As
On we go, to and fro, Minding not the disappointments by the way.
on we go, Bravely to and fro, Minding not the dif-fi-culties by the way.
Lively.

SORROW.—I fails me to realization on de ontitlements off dis propagandria!
MORROW.—De conditionableness in insufficion-ability!
BORROW.—I refuce to longer procrastinations!
SORROW.— De boomerangableness off de skituation conclusions your dishonorable service in de oxtremity of vituperations. Attention! Lock-stitch!—skip!

(*The above exclamations should be deliberate—after due inspection of the plunderless situation. At the command of Sorrow they form in convict lockstep marching order, and exit. As they disappear, the lights may be turned down to represent twilight. Bells may be rung in the distance, to indicate curfew hour. As the trio of singers enter, pianist play the introduction. The Quartet of singers should be invisible. No instrumental accompaniment should be used on this strain. After No. 28, the lights should be turned on gradually.*)

No. 28. EVENING BELLS.

Met. ♩= 88.

TRIO.

8va

1st Sop.

2d Sop.

Bells! Evening bells,

Alto.

8va 8va

Sweet bells, sweet bells. From a-

Sweet evening bells, 8va sweet evening bells.

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far comes the mu-sic of their song, Sweet on the air 'tis borne a-

Up-on the air 'tis borne a-

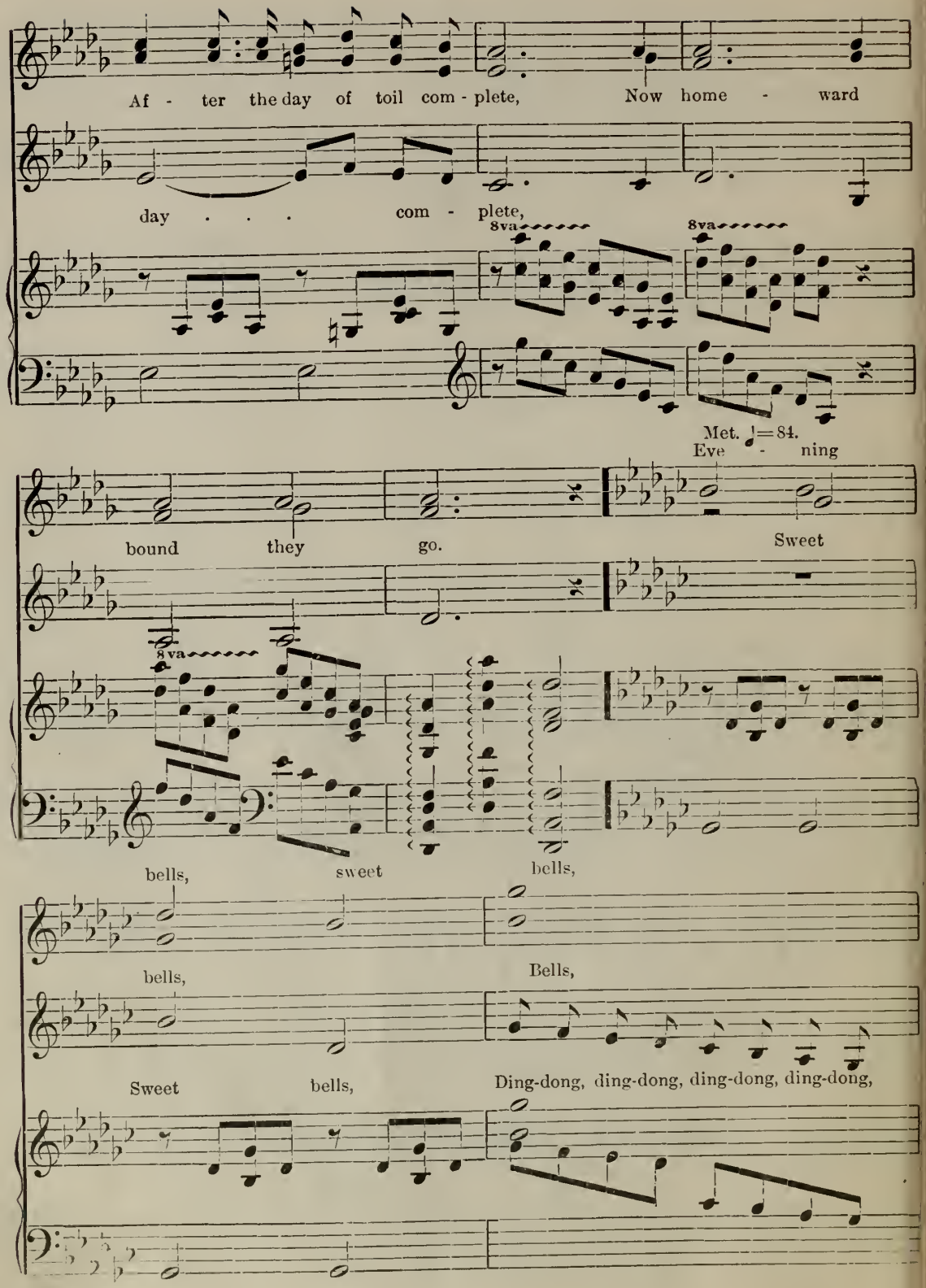
long In ea - dence soft and low. Bringing

long,

8va 8va 8va 8va

rest to the worn and wea-ry feet,

For la-bors of the


Af - ter the day of toil com - plete, Now home - ward
day . . . com - plete,
8va
8va
Met. ♩=84.
Eve - ning
bound they go.
Sweet
8va
bells, sweet bells,
bells,
Bells,
Sweet bells,
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,

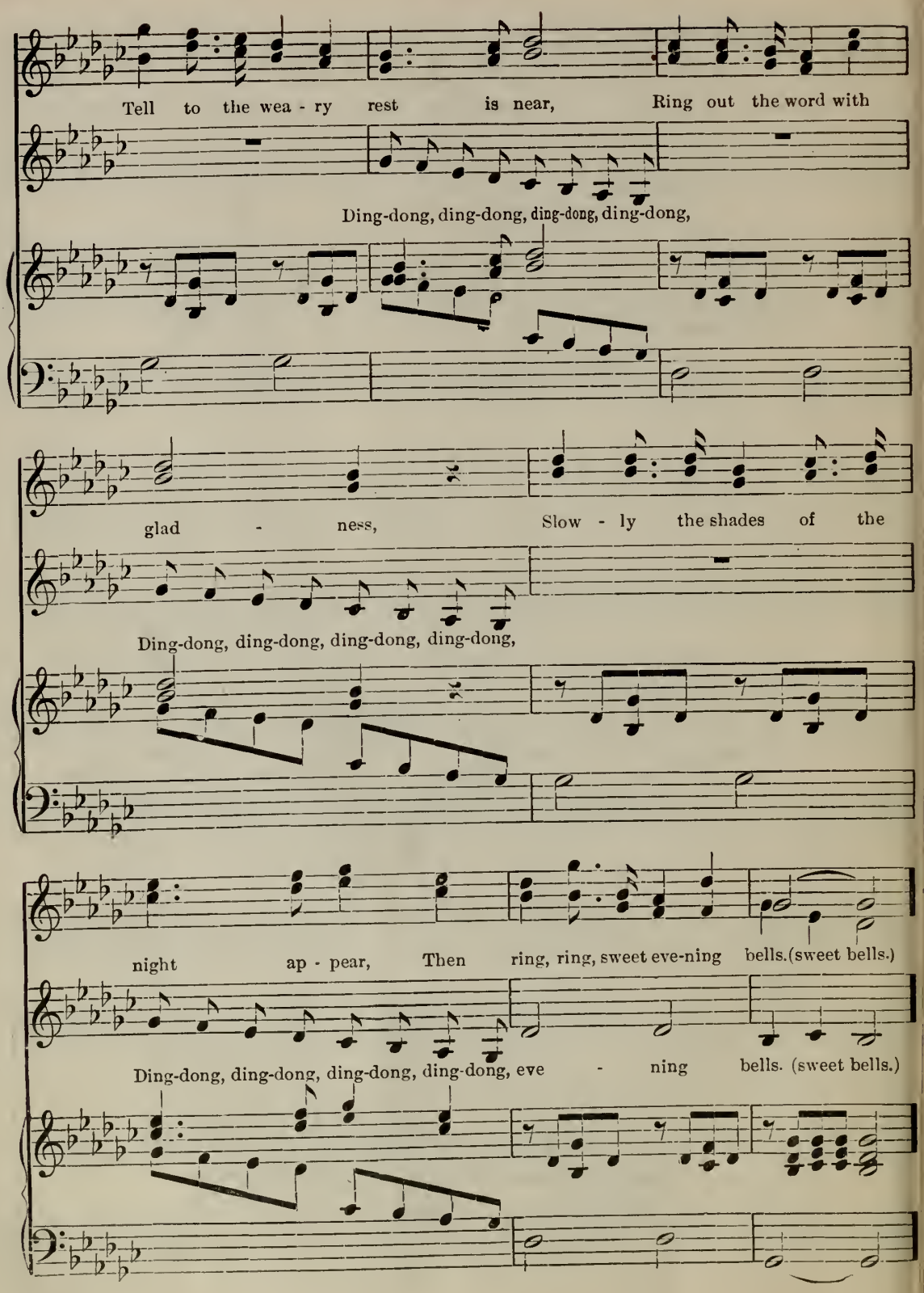
bells, Ring out the sad - ness, Ring in the glad-ness,

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, eve - ning bells,

Bells, bells,

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,

sweet bells, sweet bells.


Tell to the wea - ry rest is near, Ring out the word with
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
glad - ness, Slow - ly the shades of the
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
night ap - pear, Then ring, ring, sweet eve-ning bells.(sweet bells.)
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, eve - ning bells. (sweet bells.)

Met. ♩ = 66.

Bells,

Ding-dong ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,

Invisible Chorus.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to

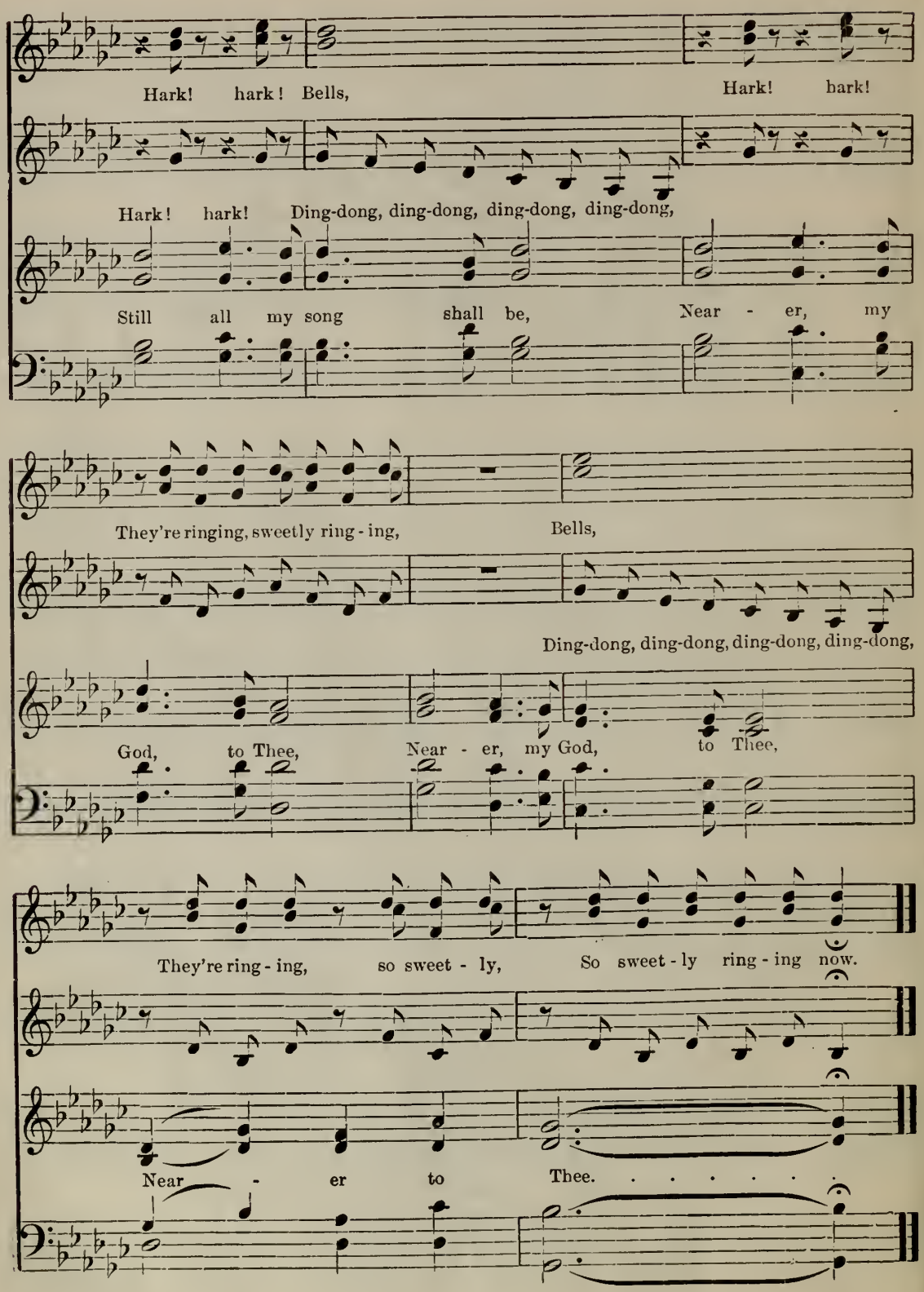
sweet bells, Bells,

So sweet-ly ring-ing, ring-ing, Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,

Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross

They're ring - ing, so sweet - ly, So sweet - ly ring - ing now.

That rais - eth me.


Hark! hark! Bells, Hark! hark!
Hark! hark! Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
They're ringing, sweetly ring - ing, Bells,
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong,
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
They're ring - ing, so sweet - ly, So sweet - ly ring - ing now.
Near - er to Thee. . . . . .

(*Singers exit. Faber enters, correcting his copy and soliloquizing*).

F. BER.—I've got it! Two, three, ten, twelve hours ahead of any of the boys. Hooray! Full account of the battle! How 'll that look in flaming type, old man? I'll get a medal for that, sure as my name 's Faber. Read it, old fellow, read it! No, I haven't time; I must look up that infant Professor. Ah! I 'd forgotten that love business. Ha! ha! ha! The Professor make love! (*Laughs*). And Chickie; dear, dear Chickie. Say, won't they make a pair! That young M. D. is a mighty lucky fellow, and, come to think it over, Pauline ought to feel flattered that she took him instead of me. Ho! ho! ho! And there 's Cullie and Ruben; there 's a match for your life! Good as gold, true as steel, both of them. Truth of the matter is, they 're all to be congratulated on the successful ending of this eventful day. Think of it! I got the news, Professor got his Chickie, Rube got his heart's desire, and the village physician takes the prettiest girl in the Dalles. Ah! who comes! the Professor and his Chickie. It 's time for you to be off, Fabe. (*Starts to leave and discovers another couple*). And this couple—Ruben and Cullie. Say, what 's up? (*Takes another direction and is again intercepted*). Shades of the dead, if the M. D. and Pauline are not also coming in this direction. (*The three couples enter unnoticed by each other. After all are on the stage Faber speaks*). Bless you, my children, bless you. May the light of love never grow dim on your pathways. May peace, prosperity and happiness be forever yours—and mine. May the finger of time touch your cheeks lightly, and a kind, benevolent Providence have you ever in His keeping. (*Retires, bowing. The six voices should render No. 29 according to direction of the leader*).

No. 29. THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Met. ♩=88.

The light of love . . . . . is bright-ly burn - ing, . . . And life is

The light of love is burn - ing,

The light of love . . . . . is burn - ing,

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like a dream, ... The fu- ture scenes . . . . . dis-

And life is like a dream, The fu- ture

And life is like a dream, a dream, The fu - ture scenes . . . .

cern - ing, ... Like vis-ions bright they gleam. . . . . The way of

scenes dis-cern - ing, Like vis-ions bright, they gleam.

dis-cern - ing, Like vis-ions bright, they gleam, they gleam.

life . . . . . is bright be - fore . . . . us, Our path . . . . with ros - es

The way, ...

The way . . . . . is bright be - fore us, Our path . . . . . .

The way is bright be - fore us, Our path with ros - es,

strewn; . . . . . The dove of Peace, ... is sing - ing

The dove, ...

. . . with ros - es strewn. The dove . . . . . .

bright with ros - es strewn; The dove is

o'er us, And life is bright as June. . . . . .

is bright as June.

. . . is sing- ing o'er us, And life . . . . . is bright, is bright as June.

sing - ing o'er us, And life . . . . . is bright, is bright as June.

DUET.

With mu - - - sic and laughter and sing-ing, The moments are go - ing, So sweet-ly are

flow - ing; The joy - - - - bells of hap - pi - ness ring - ing, . . . While in- no-cent

pleas - ure . . . . Is ours with-out meas - ure.

TUTTI.

The way be

Long may the way be

bright, With ho - ly light, . Nor the joy, nor the joy

bright, Beaming with ho - ly light, Nev-er the joy of bliss de-

of bliss de - part. No sor-row come, With chilling gloom,

part, ... Nev-er may sor - - row dark-en the mor - - row, Never con-

And may con-ten - tions ne'er reach the heart. The light of love . . . . . is

The light of

ten - - - tions reach the heart. . . . . The light of love . . .

END.

burn - ing, . . . And life is like a dream. . .

love is burn - ing, And life is like a dream.

And life is like a dream. . .

PAULINE. Met. ♪ = 104.

Brood o - ver us, Ho - ly Spir - it, in bless - ing, May

love light - en du - ty, and bind heart to heart. . . . .

Spir - - it di - vine, may we each . . . thee pos - sess - ing, Ob-

tain joy and peace that shall nev - er de - part. . . .

SEXTET. Accomp. same as preceding eight measures—or, omit instrument.

PAULINE. Met. ♪ = 104.

Brood . . . o - ver us, ... Ho - ly Spir - it, in bless - ing, May

CULLIE.

Brood . . . o - ver us, ... Ho - ly Spir - it, in bless - ing, May

CHICKIE.

Love, hon - - or,

RUBEN.

Love, ... hon - or, joy, for - ev - - - - - - er at -

PROFESSOR.

May heav - - en's bless - - ing be

PHYSICIAN.

May the bless - - ings

love light - en la - bor and bind heart to heart; . . . .

love light - en du - ty, and bind heart to heart; . . . .

joy, peace and bless - ing be ours.

tend us, Peace, hon - or, love and joy at - tend us.

ours; heav'n's bless - ing rest up - on us

of high heav'n rest up - on us

Spir - - - it di - vine, may we each thee pos - sess - ing, Ob-

Spir - it di - vine, . . . may we each thee pos - sess - ing, Ob-

Love be ours, ...

Love, peace and joy with - out al - loy,

Now and ev - - - - - er,

All our life's long jour - ney through,

tain joy and peace that shall nev - er de - part. . . . .

D. S.

tain joy and peace that shall nev - er de - part. . . . .

D. S.

be ours for - ev - - - - - er.

Love, peace and joy 'till the end shall ap - pear. . . . .

D. S.

Ev - er ev - - - - - er.

Ev - - - - - - - er, ev - - - - - er.

No. 30. HAIL TO THE QUEEN.

Met. ♩= 92.

(*Full Chorus enter.*)

CHORUS.

Hail to thee, our beau - ti - ful, love - ly Queen,
Hail, all hail to thee, Pau - line, our beau - ti - ful, love - ly, love - ly Queen,

Dear - er, bright - er, fair - er was nev - er seen!
Dear - er, bright - er, dear - er, bright - er, fair - er was nev - er, nev - er seen!

Mer - ri - ly ring the bells, Joy - ful - ly ring the
mer - ry, mer - ry bells,

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bells, Ring till the ech - oes an - swer from the
mer - ry, mer - ry bells,

dells, ding-dong, ding-dong, Hail to thee, our
Hail to thee, our beau - ti - ful, our

beau - ti - ful, love - ly Queen. Dear - er, bright - er,
beau - ti - ful, love - ly, love - ly Queen. Dear - er, bright - er, dear - er. bright - er,

fair - er was nev - er seen. Mer - ri - ly ring the bells,
fair - er was nev - er, nev - er seen. mer-ry, mer-ry bells,

Joy - ful - ly ring the bells, Ring till the ech - oes,
mer - ry, mer - ry bells,

Met. ♩=92.

sil - ver - y ech - oes, an - swer from the dells. Light and hap - py is the heart when
Light and hap - py

life is young, Dream - y as the ech - oes of a song un-
is the heart when life is young, Dream - y as the ech - oes of a

sung, Pass - ing like the wav'ring sounds when the evening bells are rung. On this
song un-sung, Like the sound when bells are rung.

beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful day, on this e - vent - ful day, So hap - py
Hap - py are we,

Rit.

we, So glad and free, Be-ware! Be-ware, be-
Jol - ly and free, Sor-row and care, be - ware!

ware, take care! Joy! joy! joy! We are mer - ry and hap - py and
Ha! ha!

gay. Joy! joy! joy! We are mer - ry and hap - py to - day, hap - py to-
Ha! ha!

day, mer - ry and gay, hap - py to - day, to - day, to - day, to - day, to-

day, Joy! joy! joy! joy! Joy to - day! Joy . . . to - day! . . .

VILLAGE PHYSICIAN.
Tempo. ad lib.

Hail, all hail, our own Pauline.

Rit.

VILLAGE PHYSICIAN.
CHORUS.

Hail! Of the fair - est, she's the Queen.

CHORUS. Met. ♩ = 92.

A tempo.

Rit.

Hail! Hail, all hail, our beau-ti-ful, love-ly Queen,
Hail, all hail, to thee Pau-line, our beau-ti-ful, love-ly, love-ly Queen!

Dear-er, bright-er, fair-er was nev-er seen.
Dear-er, bright-er, dear-er, bright-er, fair-er was nev-er, nev-er seen.

Mer-ri-ly ring the bells, Joy-ful-ly ring the
mer-ry, mer-ry, bells,

bells, Ring till the ech-oes an-swer from the
mer-ry, mer-ry, bells,

dells, ding-dong, ding-dong, Hail, all hail, our
Hail, all hail, to thee, Pau-line, our

beau - ti - ful, love - ly Queen; Dear - er, bright - er,
beau - ti - ful, love - ly, love - ly Queen, Dear - er, bright - er, dear - er, bright - er,

fair - er was nev - er seen. Mer - ri - ly ring the bells!
fair - er was nev - er, nev - er seen. mer - ry, mer - ry, bells,

Joy - ful - ly ring the bells, Ring till the ech - oes,
mer - ry, mer - ry, bells,

Cres. e. accel.

sil - ver - y ech - oes an - swer from the dells. Hail to Pau - line, Hail to the

ff

Queen, Hail! to Pau - line, beau-ti - ful Queen, On this e - vent - ful day, Hail! Hail!

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